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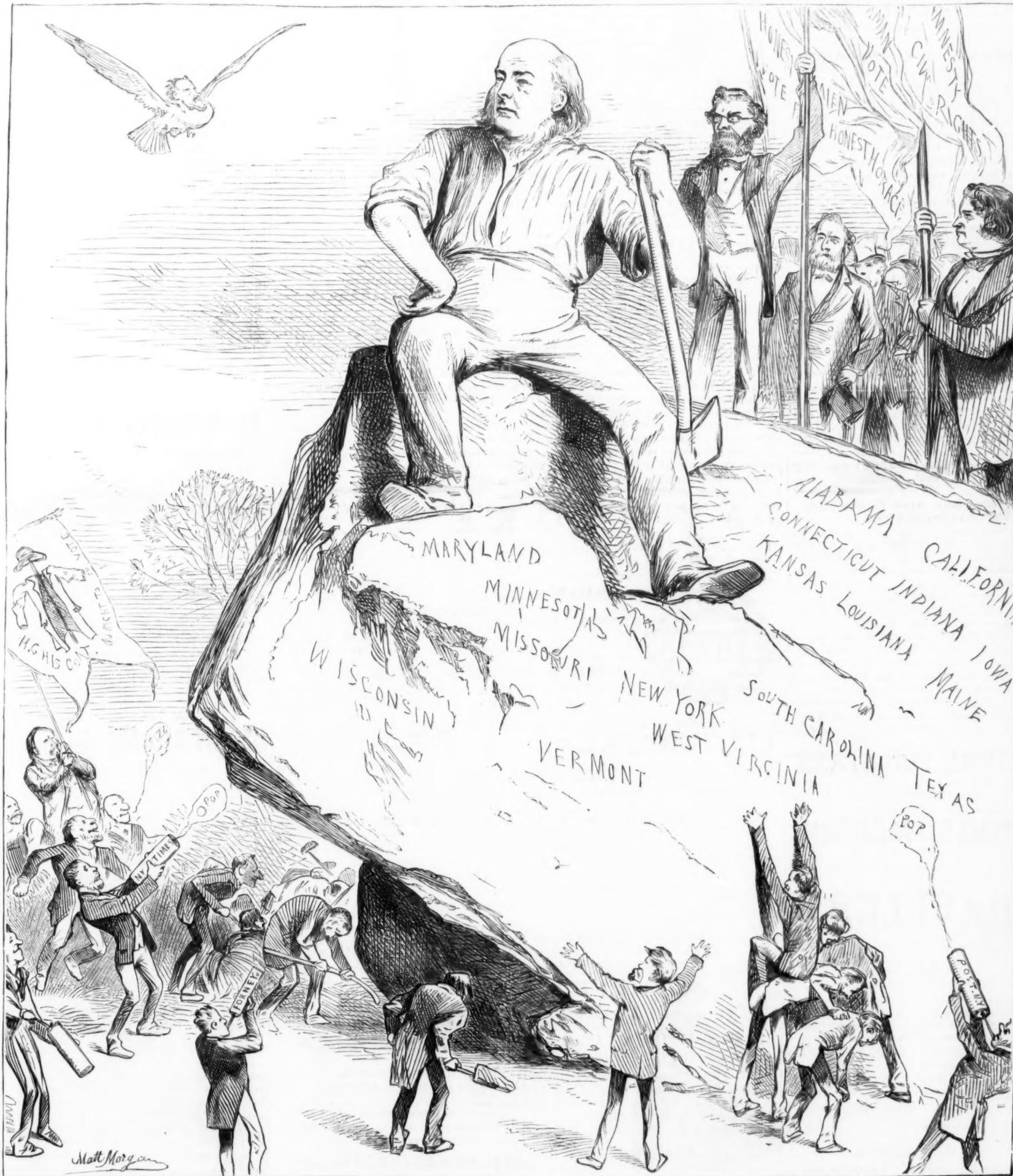
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

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IMPREGNABLE.

II. G.—"Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

"THE CONFERENCE."

"SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

IF anything were needed to illustrate this refrain—if anything could illustrate it in a more absolute manner than another—it was an attempt of certain boys and dotards, innocents and impracticals, to divert, subvert or in some way pervert the independent and spontaneous action of the great Cincinnati Convention, which has already received the authority of national recognition. These Quixotic creatures succeeded, under what now appears to have been false pretenses and false representations, in getting some recognized and worthy names to call for a "Conference" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the 20th of June, to "organize the opposition to General Grant." Just as though that opposition had not been organized at Cincinnati, and substantially consolidated in all the States that have spoken, with the impotent exception of Delaware! The members of the "Conference" met. They were received by two infant statesmen—hirelings of some Free-trade organization, to which French, German and English importers contribute freely in the philanthropic hope of promoting the knowledge of political and financial economy in America! They were also met by several—not many—venerable gentlemen who died some centuries ago, but whose friends neglected to put pennies on their eyelids when they were defunct, and who have since been wandering around the world in utter ignorance of their own demise. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum!" They are pleasant ghosts, after all, and we have a respect for their moonbeam hair!

But between infinite friskiness and solemn old age there is a certain range of manhood—including a mastery of the multiplication-table (and little else) by Wells, and a mastery of, heaven knows what, by Atkinson. The promoters of the "Conference" did not intend it, but they really got together some—a majority of—rational, practical men, who soon saw what a sham the whole affair was, on the part of its originators, and that instead of a purpose to consolidate the opposition to Grant, its real object was to undermine and defeat Greeley—to blow him up with the, as yet only, gas-charged petard of "Free Trade"! Just as though in the grand struggle for individual, State and national liberty, reconciliation and reform, that the nation was going to piddle about the question whether bi-sulphate of soda or eundurango should be admitted at a duty of a quarter of a cent a pound less than now!

Free Trade and Protection are relegated to the people. They are questions like those of household economics, and to be settled as these are from time to time, according to circumstances and conditions, and from considerations of expediency. And the sooner those mentally attenuated people, who have made and are making so much annoyance in the Liberal Reform Party, and who fail to see anything but the mote when the eagle is before them, and who would subordinate all public policy to that undefined thing called "Free Trade"—we say the sooner these troublesome creatures betake themselves to the camp of that distinguished champion of their ideas, General Grant, the better. Going into one convention under every obligation of good faith that can bind honorable men, they not only oppose but seek to subvert its decisions. Resorting next to secret conclave, they are thwarted by the honorable men who refuse to be parties to a base conspiracy. And now they are going at it again, conspiring against their own conspiracy.

Good-by, ambitious youths! But certainly take a trip to Jericho!

A FRENCH TENOR'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

THE famous French tenor who created such a *furore* last Winter among our fair ladies that attended the Academy of Music, and who excited the envy of Nilsson, is figuring in a new rôle in the French newspapers. Not satisfied with the triumphs of his voice, he has turned critic and author in a

small way, and has favored his compatriots with his impressions of America and the Americans, in a series of letters addressed to the *Figaro*, which thus introduces them:

"Capoul, who has returned from America laden down with gold and laurels, has given us his impressions of his voyage in Yankee-land, and drawn a very curious picture of their musical taste, and the manner in which they conduct themselves at the opera. We have carefully taken notes of the conversation of our tenor from Toulouse, who has returned to us—without the loss of a hair of his beard, ladies! Our readers will be equally pleased with ourselves to be initiated into the customs of the other side of the ocean, so different from our own."

After stating the name of the manager, and of the companions who accompanied the tenor on his voyage, the account continues:

"Artists—and especially foreign ones—are treated like spoiled children in America. They have all expenses paid; they travel like princes, are lodged in the best apartments at the first hotels, with a carriage at the door from morning to night, receiving fabulous pay, and performing only ten or twelve times each month."

M. Capoul has evidently made a general rule out of an exceptional case, and taken his own as the universal experience, which we imagine the great majority of his less fortunate rivals would not confirm.

But either he, or his editors speaking for him, utters a hard truth, and makes a hit at a national foible out of which the cunning managers have coined money during the past season. He says:

"The Americans are very enthusiastic about the opera. It is their darling vanity to show themselves in the best boxes in costly toilets, and their pride is at its height when they can boast of having paid an exorbitant price for their places. Our French people take pride in just the opposite, and are proud of getting their pleasure at the lowest possible price, and those who can get a free ticket are prouder still. Hence, knowing managers like Strakosch base their system on this foolish vanity, and profit by it. This they do by establishing different agencies throughout the city to buy up and enhance the price of the tickets on particular occasions, sending their applicant from one to another in search of his ticket, and making him pay finally two or three hundred francs for his seat. This enchains the American! They also adopt the system of selling tickets by auction, at which rivalry enhances the price, until a box sells for two hundred dollars."

Our late visitor is as prodigal of our notes as he was of his own while here; but like all artists, the tendency in him to exaggeration is rather strong, for our people are not quite such fools as he represents them, nor so lavish of their greenbacks, except on very rare occasion, when they do bleed rather freely. But, taken as a general rule, the managers could not play their game quite so grandly as he represents.

After stating the profits of the performances to be immense, and dealing as liberally with figures of arithmetic as with figures of speech, our French critic adds:

"The success of the artists is in proportion to the price paid for the entertainment. The Americans love to take out the value of their money in enthusiasm, and express their delight by frantic cries—while thousands of bouquets are thrown to the singers by the prettiest ladies, who glory in manifesting publicly their artistic taste."

Or, rather, as the editor sarcastically suggests, their admiration for M. Capoul.

In all this our readers will recognize some spice of truth; but, like all Frenchmen, M. Capoul will talk of things of which he knows nothing, and makes this curious blunder:

"The same is the case in the smallest towns. In the West, where the negro race is in the majority, the success is similar, only it is more incoherent, and breaks out at the wrong place."

He concludes his criticism by a statement—which may partly account for the decidedly bilious symptoms manifested by the tenor—to the effect that, although he had a smooth passage home, he was sea-sick all the time.

Our fair readers, who were so fond of this faithless Frenchman while here, may indulge in the hope, that when the effects of his seasickness have passed away, and he dictates more letters to the *Figaro*, he may make a more grateful return for their admiration and their bouquets than he has done in those first impressions.

If he intends returning next Winter to gather more gold and laurels, this publication is indiscreet, unless he relies on our ignorance of the language in which he writes—a calculation "conspicuously inexact," as he may find to his cost, for our people love praise, not criticism.

FRENCH INFLUENCE ORGANIZING IN AMERICA.

OUR fellow-citizens of French descent or origin in the United States, seeing the power and influence exercised by the German and Irish voters through organization, are attempting the same thing in their own behalf.

During the Cincinnati Convention, which seems destined to exert an immense influence over our national politics, this French organization had its birth. Four French delegates conceived the idea of calling a meeting of all the delegates from different localities speaking their language, and in response representatives from twenty-seven States answered the call,

and took council together as to the best means of consolidating and organizing the influence of the French-speaking population of the United States.

Owing to the fact that the members of this assemblage were also busy in attending the two other political conventions simultaneously held at Cincinnati, they had no time to do more than lay the foundations of the new organization, which they did *à la Americaine*, by passing a series of resolutions, with request that all the French journals in the United States should publish them.

These resolutions, which are five in number, address themselves to the fact that, as all other nationalities in the United States combine and co-operate, and have organizations, they deem this moment of great Reform movements the proper one for French-speaking citizens to do likewise.

The resolutions also ratified and indorsed the programme of principles adopted at Cincinnati, as destined to advance and protect the interests of all American citizens, native or adopted.

They also resolved that, in order to restore fraternal feeling and remove hatred between North and South, they would support for the Presidency the candidate of the Liberal Convention, who, Northern by birth, was in favor of general Amnesty and equal rights, and opposed to the military dictation of the present Administration; and they would equally support for the Vice-Presidency the Southern man who represents the same principles and sentiments.

It was further resolved that the Louisiana delegation should constitute the Central National Committee to organize the French vote in all the States, so as to act unitedly in the coming Presidential contest.

We chronicle this movement as not without significance, in showing how deep a hold on the hearts of our entire population the great Reform movement has taken.

The flag of France in this country has ever been on the side of true liberty.

THE ANTI-GRANT OUTLOOK.

THE Democracy of the several States are gracefully wheeling into the great national coalition with the Liberal Republicans, whose purpose was announced at Cincinnati. The last ten days has determined much toward settling the future of this republic.

In Louisiana the Democrats send sixteen delegates to the Baltimore Convention, twelve of whom are for Greeley and Brown.

In West Virginia the Democrats send ten delegates to Baltimore, nine of whom are for Greeley and Brown. In the same State the Liberal Republicans combined in nominating a joint electoral ticket.

Kansas, in Democratic Convention, indorsed the Cincinnati Platform, and sent delegates to Baltimore instructed to vote for Greeley and Brown. Delaware Democrats, in State Convention, denounced Grant, and instructed their delegates to Baltimore to vote for a straight Democratic ticket.

Iowa Democracy heartily indorsed the Cincinnati Platform and Mr. Greeley's Letter of Acceptance, and instructed their delegates to Baltimore to vote as a unit on all questions.

The Democrats of that State have also agreed to unite with the Liberal Republicans in State matters.

South Carolina has held her Democratic Convention, declared in favor of the Cincinnati Platform, and against separate Democratic nominations at Baltimore.

The Missouri Democratic Convention pronounced in favor of the Liberal Republican Platform, and have elected delegates to Baltimore, instructed to vote against a straight Democratic nomination.

Vermont Democrats have pursued the same course adopted by their Missouri brethren.

In Indiana, notwithstanding the recent attempts to Bourbonize the Democracy of that State, they have held their convention, accepted the Cincinnati Platform, and the principles laid down by Mr. Greeley in his great Letter of Acceptance, and passed resolutions against making separate nominations at Baltimore. The same convention nominated ex-Senator Hendricks for Governor, who accepted the position in a speech indorsing the Liberal movement. Mr. Hendricks will be supported for Governor by the Liberal Republicans.

In Wisconsin the Democracy indorsed the platform and candidates of the Cincinnati Convention, and instructed their delegates to Baltimore so to act.

Connecticut Democrats have already declared for the Liberal movement, and the State is conceded to Greeley and Brown, if the latter ticket is nominated at Baltimore, about which, says the New York *Evening Express* (Democratic), "there is no earthly doubt."

New Hampshire, the birthplace of Horace Greeley, is certain to follow the standard of her philosopher and journalist.

Maine has just held her Democratic State Convention in Bangor, and its resolutions are

outspoken and unanimous for a national coalition with the Liberal Republicans.

Texas Democracy convened last week; their resolutions indorse the Cincinnati Platform, and their delegates, although not directly instructed, are known to be for Greeley and Brown.

Rhode Island Democracy is counted "Liberal."

Massachusetts Democracy will march solid into line with the Liberal Republicans. Hon. F. W. Bird, the confidential friend and political supporter of Charles Sumner, and President of the "Bird Club," an influential Republican organization in Boston, has started a paper in that city, entitled the *Reformer*. It will be the organ of Mr. Sumner, and sustain Greeley and Brown. Mr. Sumner will have a great reception when he next enters the State. Then the Republicans will break ranks, Mr. Henry Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding.

In Pennsylvania the Democrats and Liberal Republicans are marching in solid column for Greeley and Brown on the national ticket, and Buckalew for Governor. The State is sure against Grant by at least fifty thousand majority.

The position of New York is too well known to need comment. Its seventy votes will be cast at Baltimore as a unit for Greeley and Brown.

The Minnesota Democracy has declared itself in unmistakable terms for the Cincinnati nominees, as well as the platform.

In Kentucky, Alabama, Maryland, Arkansas and California the Democratic State Conventions have indorsed the Cincinnati Platform; and although their delegates are not instructed directly to vote for Greeley and Brown, it is well known that they will vote solidly for the Liberal Republican candidates.

It may be regarded as a certainty (if anything in the future of politics can be certain) that Greeley will enter the Baltimore Convention with at least a two-thirds vote on the first ballot. The only State where the Democrats has thus far, in State Convention, pronounced for a straight Democratic nomination, is Delaware.

Thus progresses the great political revolution of 1872.

A NEW "STRIKE" IN EMBRYO.

THIS is the era of "strikes" among the operative classes; and the considerate "bosses" who profit by their labor seem generally willing to "go shares" with them. A correspondent, whom we infer to be a smart young lawyer, contends that it is high time that such classes as may not have the honor to belong to the trading, or "high" monopolizing professional community, should strike for their rights.

He does not use the word, he says, in its general application; for, if many struggling lawyers were to strike for higher wages, they would starve before they had improved their prospects. "Talk of the march of intellect! it hasn't the ghost of a chance where money is to be toiled for!" A young clergyman, for example, of established repute for good influence and real but unassumptive piety, at a salary which scarcely suffices to keep body and soul together, is anxious to raise a little money for family needs. Virtue and piety are commended loudly, as they ought to be; but how is it in the money market? Money-lenders, who listen to his solemn teachings every Sunday, take without hesitation the reverend gentleman's promises for the eternal future, and consider his indorsed piety sufficient collateral security, yet would not trust his word for sixty days for a paltry hundred dollars.

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The mercantile speculator or stock-broker goes home to his dinner with peace of mind; eats it comfortably; is disturbed by no one; takes his glass of wine, and thinks how pleasant it is to live upon the interest of his debts, or, if he happens to get a little disguised with wine, which is very seldom, resolves to pay them—some time or other. The struggling lawyer hurries home, and if, for a rarity, he has a good dinner, in the gratification of the moment he devours it hastily, becomes sick, has an attack of dyspepsia, calls in a doctor, who by forcible entry turns the disease out of his stomach, and puts an apothecary shop in its place.

There is a powerful counter-picture to this, which shows that the speculating merchant or broker, with all his acquisitions and grand display, is far from being a man to be envied. It is worthy of being briefly epitomized for the benefit of all tempted "fast" operators among our ambitions and reckless young men. "It is engendered."

THE old Democracy, like the old ultra-Repub-lican Radicalism, amounts to nothing in itself. We say it gently; but if the old Bourbon fogies and moss-covered turtles were this day to call the roll, they would find themselves as badly fooled in the matter of their followers as Louis Napoleon was when he started to march for Berlin. Ever since the Chicago and New York blunders of 1864 and 1868, old Democratic Bourbomism has been disintegrating. It is weaker to-day than ever before. The young men of the Democracy are advanced a hundred years ahead of these old muffs, whose defunct issues have no magnetism for youth and progress, and high blood and young energy. These young advanced Americans are Reformers; they are for the Future of United America. The strength of the Democratic Party is only in its name and its better traditions, in its local organizations, and in the marked ability of many of its leaders. These are powerful adjuncts with this Reform Revolution. Their organized aid will create a national *furore*. But as *against* it, the fame of that old party, and all the brains of its leaders, will avail nothing.

To put forth Charles Francis Adams, or any other man, in the hope to make confusion, even if successful, would only serve two purposes for the Democracy, viz.: (1) To defeat nine out of ten of their local organizations, upsetting their Gubernatorial, Senatorial and Congressional hopes for the present, and (2) to kill off their party in the future so effectually, that "dead as the Bourbon Democracy" will pass into a living proverb. The only living thing now is the Liberal Reform Revolution, the People's Party. He who stands in its way simply puts the knife to his own throat.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. XIII.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION—
BOURBONISM, ETC.

THE Baltimore Convention will soon assemble, and unless we hear of some more subdivisions of opinion—of some more individual anomalies to be bloated into conventions—that convention will clear the decks, and then we shall be ready for the November fight. There are two Presidential candidates before Baltimore for indorsement. The People have but one candidate there—Horace Greeley. Nine-tenths of the Democratic newspapers have declared for him. The spirit of the Democratic masses, as shown in the conventions held by New York, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Iowa, South Carolina, Kansas and Florida (which States cast 253 votes) is with him, and the evidence thickens daily to demonstrate that it will be the same with Kentucky, Wisconsin, Ohio and Alabama, from whose State action we shall hear presently. Such are they who desire to put Greeley and Brown before the Baltimore Convention for indorsement. The other candidate before that Convention for its support is Ulysses S. Grant. Those who place him there have only themselves for constituents. They are not representative men by any means. They are all comprised in the New York *World*, Daniel Voorhees, two or three old gabbler (and gobbler as well) from Delaware, perhaps a very long-spurred stray rooster or so from New Jersey, a half-dozen cosmopolitan lunatics, without any special *locus*, who are out of the madhouse for a holiday, and some veteran rams from Georgia. It is hoped and believed that all the rest are sane and level-headed men. The Grant part of this machine insist on what is proverbially called "a straight Democratic ticket." They gieefully imagine that the McClellan platform of 1864 is now under their rejoicing legs. Already they fancy themselves shouting and capering again over the issues of 1868. They believe all the enthusiasm excited by the Cincinnati Convention comes out of the ghosts of the men who were slaughtered in the aforesaid years, to wit, 1864 and 1868—victims through whose mortal bodies these immortal old gobblers thrust the very steel and bullets which shunned off their mortal coil. These Resurrectionists are bent on fighting for a "name," which does not "smell as sweet" as "any other name," for the reason that they have made it inodorous—a name that will exhale a musty fragrance as long as they delibe—a name which they have hitherto made unpopular and odious; and which this day they would like to experiment with once more, seeing that so often it has proved to be a spell to conjure up defeat for itself and disaster for the whole nation! In other words, they prefer to die under the name of Bourbon Democrats, rather than to live under Liberal Republican Reform, and witness all of our common cherished objects alive and progressing in March

next, when we shall enter on a new era under Mr. Greeley.

These Old Hunkers are jolly madcaps. They are like tenpins—they love to be "set up," that they may be knocked down. Jolly old tenpins! So much a habit has the game become to them, that now they set themselves up, without extraneous aid! They are itching to be bowled at. They long for the day when Morton shall knock 'em down with his "Secession" ball; and when Conkling shall "make a ten-strike of them" with his "Copperhead" ball. This is the game at which King Grant laughs! When once it is fairly set up, we can fancy him shaking his sides with such mirth that his bulk-pipe will yelp with contagious glee, that his jenny brays out vigorously, and his chargers neigh the broadest sort of grins. The Grant Ring surrounding the Emperor complete this part of the picture. They shout: "Up go the old tenpins! Now, boys, for the old sport! What a devil of an escape we have had, to be sure, from Greeley and the Liberals! Never was there such a jolly set of old muffs as these Bourbon antiques! Come on, fellows! Let's peit away at 'em once more!" This subject is so profitable, that I shall regard it from several points of view.

These old Bourbons keep their own batteries—private batteries. Like Mrs. Too-les, they think it is a good thing to keep their private batteries in their own house. They do their own loading, their own priming, their own mounting, their own discharging, whereby they kill their friends, preserve their enemies, and get "kicked over" themselves. They are second Uncle Tobys, with counterscarps, ravelins and moats in their private gardens. They have Long Toms, swivels, caronnades, all peculiarly their own. And in their midst is a lively brass mine, that does for all their casting! They forge their own guns, cast their own bullets, and shoot their own manufacture of sulphur and saltpetre. On every election-day they come out for this sport, and parade this artillery. When once more knocked down and routed, and sent to the hospitals, they issue missives in fulgurant style—missives of fuss and fire—and take their old pills and potions with punctuality and perseverance. They talk of "fire," "blood," "fiery baptism," and "rivers of blood," till election-day rolls round once more. Then they burnish up again, and roar and roar and bellow, only to wade once more into the dismallest kind of slaughter. If the "party" is not sick of them by this time—not to speak it profanely—then the party ought to be ——!

These Bourbons admit that Grant's Ring of high-toned thieves, larcenous cavaliers and "cut purases of degree" intend to pick their pockets as fast as they replete, so they propose to open a back door for their burglarious entrance once more into the Treasury. They say this gang of Carpet-baggers and Martial-law tyrants ought to be fed only on such poison as nourished the Pontiac monarch, yet they propose to ask them to dinner, and feed them on U. S. mutton and champagne. Seeing bright day all about them, they want to get back into darkness once more. Having been helped out of a pit by the Cincinnati Convention, they want to pitch head foremost down a precipice steeper than that immortalized by Sam Patch. Having mathematically proved the fact—clear as any demonstration in Euclid—that their way leads to perdition, their conclusion is that such way, therefore, is the only route to salvation. They tell us that the old classic is misunderstood, when he says it is a wise thing to be taught by one's enemy. This maxim the Bourbons interpret thus: "Do exactly what your enemy wants you to do. Don't you see that Grant & Co. want us to nominate a straight Bourbon ticket? They are our enemies. Why hesitate, then, to take their advice?"

Does the South groan under the oppressions of military rule, of suspended *habeas corpus*, of drum-head court-martials, yawning bastilles of Carpet-bag plunders, of incessant strife stirred up by incendiary satraps between the whites and the dependent blacks? are her little remains of wealth pillaged? are the fountains of her prosperity poisoned? is immigration scared away from her by the slanders of the sectional hell-hounds who proclaim that life and limb are not safe for the Northerner on her soil? are her bonds stolen by Carpet-bag governors? is her debt bloated by the military locusts that infest her like the plague? is she striving for Union, anxious to stand up on the Amended Constitution? and is she constantly knocked down from such stand by the slanders of those whose bread depends on sectional hate?—the remedy for these intolerable oppressions, in a Bourbon sense, is to do exactly in July, 1872, what was done in 1864 and 1868—viz., fume, fuss, blow, roar, spit fire and brimstone, and then "march"—but be sure that you go in the very line of battle planned for by the adversary who is the author of all the evils you bewail.

Seeing the nation at length aroused; seeing Liberal Republicanism advanced by such leaders as Greeley and Sumner; seeing the North combining to extend the hand of friendship over a gulf of blood, these Bourbons cry out: "Ah! it is We who are coming. Now, gentlemen, make way again for the sheeted relics of 1864 and 1868! Do you not see the tall sycamore, Voorhees, converted into a weeping willow? The Weeping Willow be our symbol. Why not? Who can bend longer and more gracefully than we over graves? With Grant and his taxes, and us and our tombstones, victory is as sure as—Death and the Taxes.

Do they witness the leaders in the North once more in a fair way to convince their people that the time has come to believe the South honest and loyal; that she means union, and a guarantee of all that she has accepted under Reconstruction—do the Bourbons see this? Oh, yes, they see it. And now, therefore, is the time to put out some form of action that shall alarm the timid, excite the prejudiced, divide the compact, weaken the strong, disorganize the organized, chill the enthusiastic, deject the hopeful, give the lie to our friends and the truth to our foes, give speed to the sectional and hamstring the patriotic! They say, We have a sure thing in the Cincinnati ticket. Just the platform we want. Come, now, let us make its success doubtful!

Do they see their friends in the North—like Greeley—risking their all of political life on the chances of conservatism, on the hazard of a battle with the best organized party machine known to our history; one from whose grip only yesterday the sword was wrenched by the persevering efforts of a band of patriots? Do they see the whole American name disgraced by coarse tyranny which degrades our diplomacy, burlesques the word "statesmanship" in every sense, and which, at home and abroad, has reduced us to contempt—a rule illustrated by a soldier who unites the social life of *Tony Lumpkin* with the solid authority of an unlettered despot? Do they see him surrounded and egged on by men much worse than himself? Of course they do. And these Bourbons say, "Now is the chance, boys! Desert Greeley and the Northern leaders who centred at Cincinnati,

Wrap yourselves in their mantles, steal their platform, pillage their camp, and then—in the name of Chicago of 1864, and of the Seymour Convention of 1868—go forth and appeal to the countless tenants of another world for this our Bourbon strategy for 1872." It will bear repetition, and so I repeat—not to speak it profanely—that, if the Party is not (unanimously) tired of these Bourbons, then the Party ought to be ——!

"Bourbonism, by-the-way, has a near relative—it must be a brother-in-law at least—of whom it seems fit to speak at this time: a Dainty Creature, who criticizes political tornadoes in an arbor of roses, in which are Parian marble statues of *ideal* statesmen! His neat wings flutter and buzz like those of the humming-bird. But he fancies that they beat the air with the strong, steady stroke of the eagle; and he even imagines that his little hum penetrates the land like the shriek of a locomotive. No man—or woman either—can outdo this pretty idealist in the matter of dialectic writing. He is famous for letters, cards, "Addressess to the Public" full of sound, but signifying nothing. He is the very bon-bon of politics—it's coquette and its flirt—and his field of popularity and influence is with the old "codgers" who never vote unless it be for somebody so high up in the air that the popular ballot never reaches him. This esthetic gentleman is a favorite also in the club-rooms, in opera-boxes, and in libraries that are made up of encyclopedias and metaphysics. His candidate must not be of this world "for human nature's use." He must be without speck or flaw, like a peach for "company" dessert, and so *fine* that a picture of him in a nude state would give no offense to a blushing virgin. This exquisite class prefer the stately elegance of a despotism even (though they talk and write, as they think, like publicists about "Democracy,") to the rude tramp of such "piebalds" as are typified by Lincoln and Greeley. Their "statesmen" must be always on stilts; his beaver must glisten like "Challenge Blacking" in a high state of polish. And his whole dress, carriage and "deportment" must correspond with his beaming headdress. His face must "mantle and cream" with gravity. His voice must win and awe, and every bend of his legs and back must speak "statesmanship," as they call it. These nice folks are only mischievous nuisances, after all. They flare up; the people take a good look at them. But when the storm thickens, and the political fight is "heady," they make their bow—they disappear, and are, for the time, forgotten. Of course, like their relatives, the Bourbons, these gentlemen are for ever above any *practical result*. They idealize themselves into what they fancy to be its spirit; but then, how can they be expected to get down to the coarse *work* of such Conventions as Cincinnati, if they will blunder so as to nominate live men, with robust health, and plodding, earnest, loud ways, and sound, level heads—men who have given and taken hard knocks, like Horace Greeley? It will not do for such "unmanly, unhandsome" things as our Woodchopper to come "betwixt the wind and their inability."

JUNIUS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SCENES FROM THE DERBY DAY.

The amazing concourse of people on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, as in many preceding years, was accompanied by the familiar incidents of London holiday-making on the largest scale, with the usual freaks of popular mirth along the road, and the frequent mishaps of a less orderly journey back to town. Among the thousands who make their way through Clapham, Tooting, and Merton, from the earliest hour of morning, or soon after midnight, till past midday, traveling in every description of carriage, on horseback, on assback, and on foot, were samples of nearly all ranks and classes. They did not all go for pastime or pleasure; not a few of them went to gain an honest or dishonest penny from the rest. It is to be hoped that the pickpockets, thimble-riggers, ring-changers and card-sharps were not too successful; but there is no reason to grudge the fairly-earned reward of those who contributed in any way to the amusement or convenience of the visitors. The sellers of everything which can be offered in an eatable or drinkable form on the top of a bare chalk hill sixteen miles from London were sure to find a good market; and there was plenty of employment for shoeblocks, clothesbrushers, and others willing to render little services of personal comfort to the dusty wayfarers upon their arrival at the racecourse. Acrobats, jugglers, and musicians of vocal or instrumental talent, and with the furnishers of cock-shies, Aunt Sallys, and suchlike apparatus of usual sport, were as numerous as upon any former occasion. Some of these well-known figures, with the exciting rush to learn the event of the great race, and the accidents that commonly take the humor of the crowd on the Derby Day, are shown in our illustration.

STEAMSHIP "BALTIMORE" AGROUND AT HASTINGS.

The iron steamship *Baltimore*, of the North German Lloyd's line, trading between Bremen and America, was run aground by a Spanish steamer, the *Lorenzo Semprun*, in the Channel, nearly opposite Hastings, about nine miles from shore, a little after midnight, a few weeks ago. The officer in command of the *Baltimore*, Mr. Deetjen, finding that the collision had made a large hole in the starboard bow of the ship, turned her head toward the shore, guided by the lamplights on the Marine Parade at Hastings. At the same time he fired signal-ropes, which were seen by the coastguard. The ship took in water fast, and gradually sank by the head, so that she could not have been kept afloat ten minutes longer had she not been run aground within a third of a mile of the Marine Parade. Her position there is shown in the engraving. There were 130 passengers on board, and a crew of 80 seamen. They were safely landed in the boats, with the aid of the coastguard men.

THE GREAT LAXEY WATER-WHEEL, ISLE OF MAN.

The view on entering the Laxey Valley is very beautiful, the white cottages dotting the steep sides of the glen, the giant water-wheel in the distance, and away up the valley Snaefell and his companion mountains. The mines at Laxey, which have now been worked for some centuries, are noted for their richness in copper, lead and silver ores. The deepest workings extend 1,380 feet below the surface, and are drained chiefly by the powerful pumps worked by the great Laxey wheel, one of the largest water-wheels in the world. The wheel, which is called the "Lady Isabella," after the wife of a former governor of the island, was started September 27th, 1854. It was erected by Mr. Casement, a Manx engineer. It is about 200-horse power, and can pump 250 gallons of water a minute from a depth of 400 yards. Its di-

ameter is 72 feet 6 inches; circumference, 217 feet 6 inches. The water for driving it is brought from a reservoir on a neighboring hill. The wheel and its fittings are supported on an elegant structure of iron and masonry, formed in open galleries. It can be stopped at pleasure by means of a hydrant.

Tourists at the Foot of the Central Cone of Vesuvius.

The recent eruption of Vesuvius, as seen from a safe distance, and the ordinary aspects of the mountain, as frequently visited by tourists, have been shown in our illustrations of the last few weeks. We now give a representation of a party of tourists at the foot of the central cone. They are compelled here to leave their mules and litters, and to climb the steep bank of loose ashes, up to the lip of the crater, with no better help than a rope to pull them or a stick to hold by. The task is one that severely tries the patience and endurance of those unaccustomed to hard exercise; but the sight of the crater is worth this labor. The crater is an oval pit, half a mile in diameter, and 300 or 400 feet in depth; its bottom, perfectly flat, is of black rock or hardened lava, intersected with a multitude of open cracks, from a foot to a yard wide, in which is the red-hot molten lava; but on some parts of the surface and the sides of the crater are patches of yellow, orange and vermillion, from the sulphur deposits, and pieces of rock burnt to a dull red. At the opposite end of this huge basin is a smaller hole, which is the true crater of the volcano.

THE HURRICANE AT ZANZIBAR.

A terrific hurricane or cyclone burst over Zanzibar on April 15th, destroying a hundred and fifty vessels in the harbor, some houses in the town, and a large extent of the sugar and clove plantations, and cocoanut groves, with two hundred of the native people killed. The storm began at six o'clock in the morning, from the west southwest, but showed its utmost violence at noon, then blowing from the south. There was a dead calm at half-past one, but at half-past two began a furious gale from the north, backing toward the west; in the evening it subsided to a moderate breeze. The Sultan of Zanzibar lost half a dozen ships, amongst which was the *Sea King*, formerly the *Shenandoah*, one of the steamers built in England for the Confederate Southern States of America, whose depredations are included with those of the *Alabama* in the claims now pending their settlement by treaty. The *Shah Alum*, a sailing frigate, and the *Iskandar Shah*, a corvette, the *Suleiman Shah*, and the steamers *Star* and *Sultan*, were also lost. The *Abydos*, which had brought Lieutenant Dawson and Henn from England, was saved by steaming with full power against the storm, to ease the strain on her anchors. Lieutenant Henn's sketch, which we have engraved, shows the scene of havoc after the storm.

JUNIUS.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD
MADE her first appearance on the second day of the Boston Festival, and, although the condition of the size of the building interfered with the capability of thoroughly hearing her performance on the piano, except to those immediately in the vicinity of the instrument, made upon these a decided impression, as the finest and most brilliant female pianist they had ever heard. But it is wrong to speak of her as a female artist. She is undoubtedly a great pianist, and takes rank with the three or four greatest male masters of the instrument. If, as we last season heard, she intends making a concert tour through the United States during the Fall of this year and the succeeding Spring, we believe that her success will be most pronounced, and by no means inferior to that of either Thalberg or Gottschalk. The first, it may be remembered, remained with us two years, while the last repeated his visits to us at irregular epochs many times. At all events, in such a case, we shall have the chance of appreciating the Queen of the Piano, more thoroughly than any means of doing were afforded us in the monster Concert-Hall, in which she introduced a portion of her audience only to Thalberg's "Last Rose of summer." We will not say the piano she played on was totally insufficient for the occasion, because any and every piano, as they are at present made, must necessarily be so.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOTHERN was in New Haven on June 15th. "SCHNEIDER" is the attraction at the Olympic.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI, the celebrated tenor, is only 23 years old.

THE CHICAGO FIRE, at the Theatre Comique, isn't put out yet.

SAN FRANCISCO is enjoying Mille. Aimée's acting and singing.

MISS LECLERCQ'S California engagement has been very successful.

LYDIA THOMPSON and burlesque troupe will open in New York about the 22d inst.

THE "Naiad Queen," at the Brooklyn Theatre, has splendid scenery and effects.

FAURE the great Italian baritone, has been engaged by Maretz for next season.

ALBERT W. WIKEN, as the *Madman*, in the "Red Mazepa," is at Wood's Museum.

PLANTATION MELODIES, with the Georgia Minstrels, are all the rage at Lina Edwin's.

MRS. CHANFRAY will be the "first star" next season at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

On June 21st Mrs. James A. Oates had a benefit, in "Fortunio," at the Union Square Theatre.

A NEW opera and dramatic association is being formed in New Orleans, with a capital of \$75,000.

THE Majoltons and Lauri Pantomime troupe have engaged the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a short season.

MME. SAS has been sued by a Parisian manager for 14,000 francs damages, because she caught a cold and couldn't play *Leonora*.

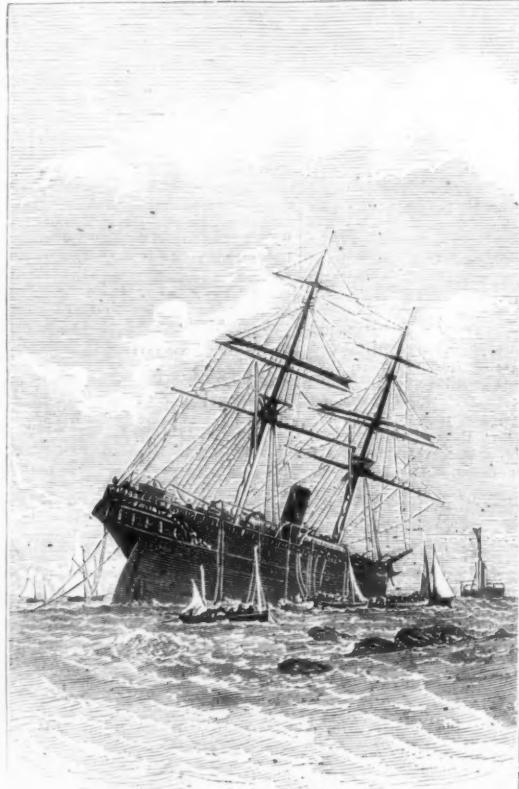
THE Mammoth Musical Festival being arranged by George H. Ellis, of Rochester, for July, will be a grand event for Central New York. The attractions are all of the popular character, the best vocal and instrumental talent in the country having been secured. Its success is already assured.

"ON THE STRIKE" is withdrawn (as we hope it will continue to be, especially around Steinway's and elsewhere), and Miss Ella Burns, whom we have spoken of in the highest terms, appears at Wallack's Theatre as the leading female character in "On the Jury"—with the jovial Brougham on the male side—a role for which she is naturally as well as artistically fitted. She will achieve all that beauty, grace and culture can accomplish.</

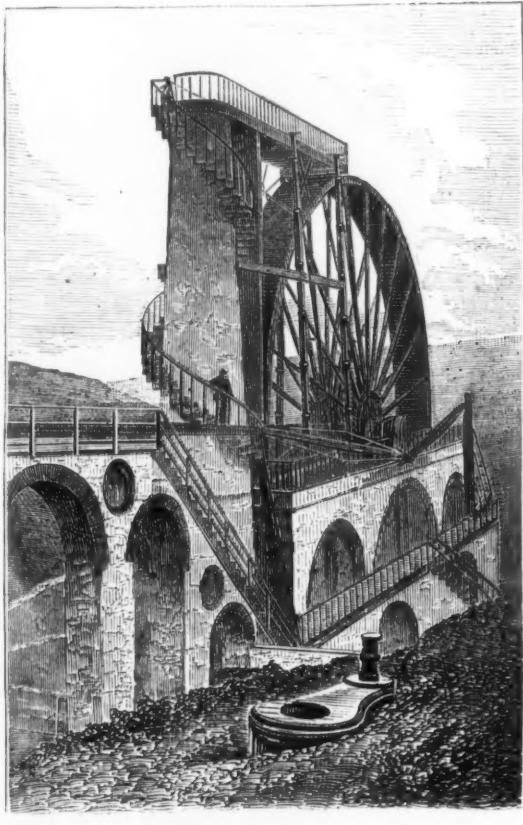
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—THE DERBY DAY—ON THE ROAD TO EPSOM.



ENGLAND.—THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD'S STEAMER "BALTIMORE"
AGROUND AT HASTINGS.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE GREAT LAXEY WATER-WHEEL, ISLE OF MAN.



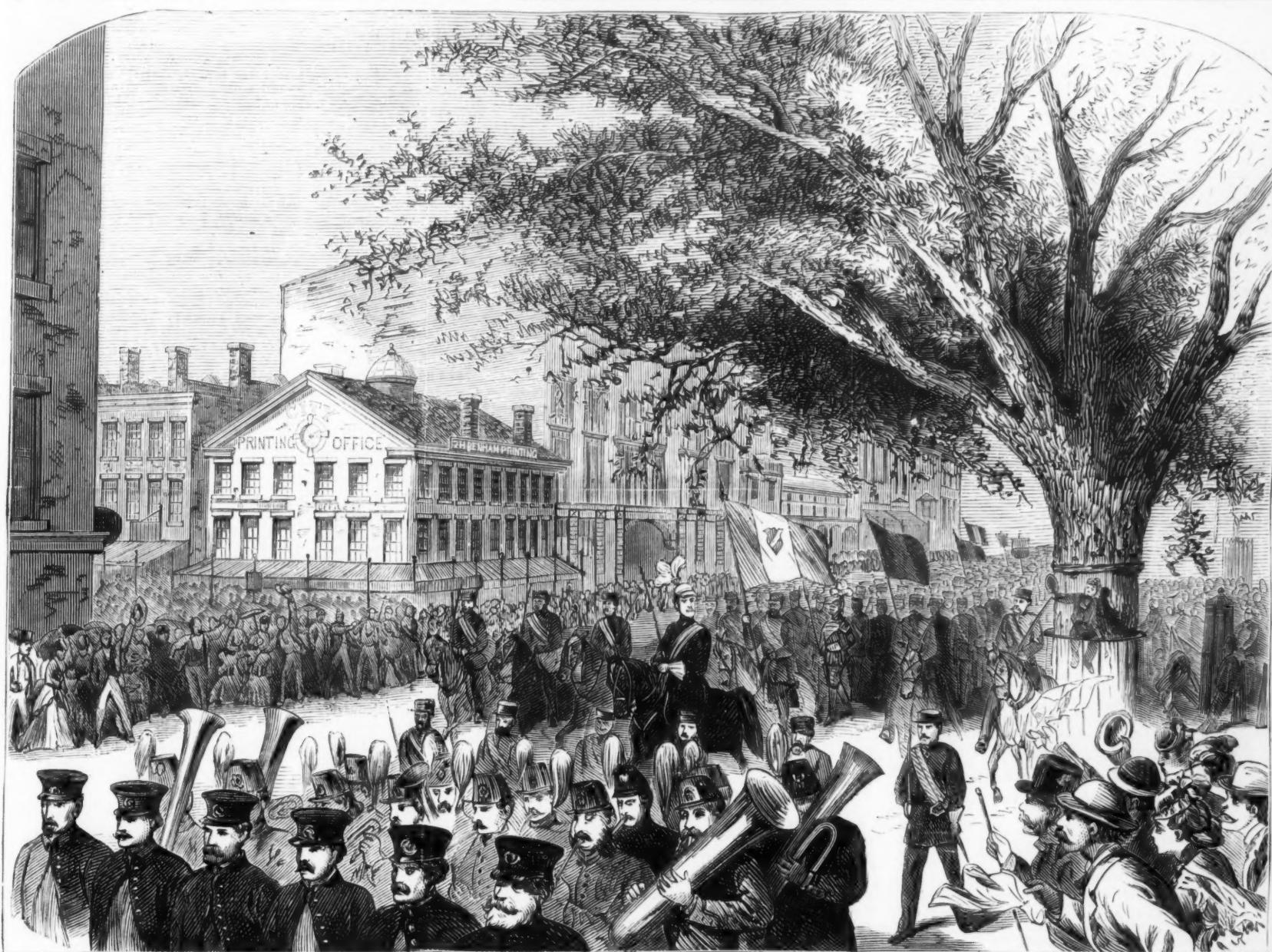
ENGLAND.—THE DERBY DAY—THE RUSH ON THE COURSE—WHO'S WON?



ITALY.—TOURISTS AT THE FOOT OF THE CENTRAL CONE OF VESUVIUS.



AFRICA.—THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT HURRICANE AT ZANZIBAR.



CONNECTICUT.—FIRST PUBLIC PARADE OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF CONNECTICUT, AT NEW HAVEN—THE SCENE ON CHAPEL STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY C. CURTIS.

PARADE OF THE CONNECTICUT KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

THE Knights of Pythias of Connecticut enjoyed their first public parade at New Haven on the 18th of June, and the fair old city never gave visitors a warmer welcome. The city was liberally decorated with bunting on the occasion, and the public very generally allowed duty to rest for the while, and greeted the Knights with marks of cordial esteem. Besides the local lodge, there were delegations from neighboring States, who reached the city early in the morning.

The procession was reviewed by ex-Governor English, Lieutenant-Governor Tyler, and Major Lewis, from the portico of the Capitol. The Knights subsequently embarked on a steamboat for a sail down the harbor to the lighthouse, where they partook of dinner, and listened to complimentary speeches. The affair was highly pleasing in every respect, and the appearance of well-known citizens in the line will do much toward enlisting popular sympathy in the work of this benevolent organization.

JOHN McKEON.

HON. JOHN McKEON is a native of the State of New York, and a descendant of a good old stock, his father having been an officer in the United States Army during the War of 1812. After graduating at Columbia College, in this city, he began the study of law in the office of John L. Mason, one of the earliest Judges of the Superior Court. Manifesting a taste for political life, he was elected a member of the House of Assembly, and served in 1832, 1833 and 1834. On completing his triple term of service, he was elected a Representative in Congress, being the youngest man so honored from this State. He took his seat in December, 1835, and sustained General Jackson's Administration. In the succeeding election he was defeated by the Native American vote of this city. He was, however, re-elected in 1840, and opposed Tyler's Administration, that President having been elected by the Whig Party.

During Mr. McKeon's Congressional career, he was the opponent of all monopolies, particularly the Bank of the United States. From his entrance into public life he has been the opponent of the Protective system, refusing to support for office in this State any man who sustained it. He was one of the earliest advocates of the right of petition, and refused to cooperate with the Democratic Party in rejecting petitions presented to the House of Representatives on the subject of slavery. He, with only two other Democrats, refused to expel a member who expressed opinions distasteful to the Southern slaveholders; and yet he was so devoted a supporter of State Rights that he was opposed to the late War on the Southern States.

As a politician, his friends claim for him a devotion to Democratic principles. He refuses to follow the party lead when these are violated. Some few years since he organized a party in this city, which, under his name, succeeded in electing a Mayor over the candidate of Tammany Hall and Mozart united.

He has devoted himself since 1842 to the profession of law. He held the office of public

prosecutor in New York for two terms—the first by appointment of the Common Council and Judges of the Common Pleas Court; the second, by election of the people. In 1851 he made a tour of Europe. On his return he took an active part in the election of President Pierce. He was appointed, in 1853, the successor of Charles O'Conor as District Attorney of the United States for New York. While in

that office, Mr. McKeon contributed greatly to breaking up the slave trade, the headquarters of which were in this city. After the law had been in existence over three years, he was the first to obtain a conviction of a prisoner for being engaged in the slave trade, although he was defended by Mr. O'Conor.

He is a thorough lawyer, a brilliant and impressive orator, an earnest and zealous advocate, and, above all, a man of incorruptible integrity. His amiable disposition and polished manners have endeared him to a large circle of friends; while his consistency, his devotion to principle, and his fidelity in the discharge of public duty, have secured for him the admiration and respect of the entire community.

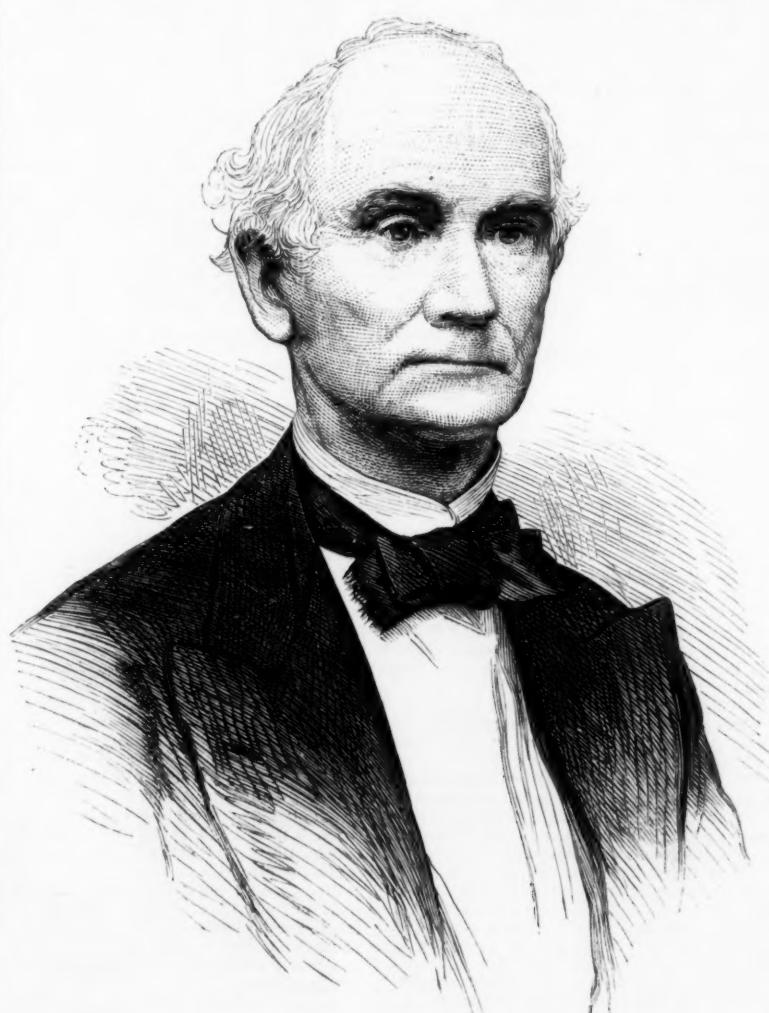
LONG BRANCH—OUR SUMMER CAPITAL.

THE fashionable season at Long Branch began earlier this year than usual. During the past four years the regular visitors have appeared shortly after the President took up Summer quarters at this favorite resort. Immediately after the adjournment of Congress, the President, without giving the members and diplomatic corps an opportunity of paying him their customary respect, started for the Branch, and as soon as his flight was known the rush began.

For, without detracting from the charms of our other resorts, the Branch is recognized as the American Brighton—the Summer home of wealth, rank and beauty. Each year adds to its popularity. Channels of pleasure open on every side. Ocean Avenue—broad, long and smooth (the finest drive in the world)—is a delight in itself. Then the Shrewsbury River, teeming with fish, and affording the jolliest facilities of boating, long ago won hearty appreciation; while knights of the rifle have no cause of complaint of a scarcity of feathers.

One can scarcely understand the nature of the spot. At one moment the visitor is looking off the bluff far out on the seemingly quiet water, or plunging through the glorious surf; a few moments later he roams in the garden district of the State, surrounded with luxuriant foliage and choice fruit. The Branch is not, as strangers imagine, a long, narrow strip of sand, growing "beautifully less" each season. We are glad to learn of the improvements about being made. A company of influential gentlemen promise the construction of a substantial sea-wall along the bluff, and new avenues. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are this year running their elegant palace-cars from Washington and the intervening cities, making the time from Philadelphia to the Branch only two hours and a half. The sail from New York is pleasant and invigorating in the extreme.

The hotels are filling up fast, private residences bear the evidence of hilarity, and Fashion is already in enjoyment of the delightful air and scorching sun. Upon the arrival of the trains from New York, there is a steady



HON. JOHN McKEON, SENIOR COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE IN THE STOKES TRIAL.

procession of fashionable equipages to the depot, interspersed here and there with the lumbering hotel omnibuses. But a few moments elapse before the carriages are again on the move down the drive. The lawn in front of the hotels filled with merry children, the little summer-houses on the bluff with older persons of tender thoughts, the beach dotted with promenaders venturing boldly toward the water, then dodging hastily back to escape the mounting surf, the waves themselves playing all sorts of antics with bathers—these glimpses tell us that the season is opened in very truth.

From the Ocean Hotel, managed by the famous Charles and Warren Leland, we obtain a capital view of the drive, while from the elegant summer-houses we have a sweep of the entire drive, the cluster of hotels, the waves and bathers, and the chief attractions of life at the Branch. There are few, if any, points along the beach where a more attractive landscape is displayed, or where fuller comforts are guaranteed. The hotel has a splendid location; hundreds of its rooms look out upon the blue water, and take the full breeze, freighted with infallible germs of health; music strikes the ear agreeably at every turn; dances are seen at many points, in the ruddy flush of wholesome exercise, and croquet parties form about the lawns. One sees nothing to bring remembrance that life is brief and uncertain. The fine pavilion about the hotel is an agreeable promenade, and its advantages are highly appreciated by the guests and visitors. The entire hotel is commodious, comfortable and home-like. The office, dining, reception, and billiard-rooms are tastefully furnished. The guests pass from the one, with all its excitement, to others, where all the quietness of private life may be enjoyed.

The luxuries of country life and the accommodations of a city residence are happily blended. There is every method of enjoyment, without any cause of complaint or dissatisfaction.

As a popular Summer resort, the Ocean Hotel as administered by the Lelands gives the fullest guarantees of pleasure and contentment.

REMINISCENCES.

A LITTLE locket, worn and old,
And roughly carved in jet,
A daisy blossom clasped within,
The petals pink yet,
Have filled my eyes with foolish tears,
And woke a vain regret—
A mem'ry still too sadly sweet
For woman to forget.

Once more I climb the craggy cliff—
The ruined keep is there—
The sun salutes the saucy sea,
And glitters in my hair;
Once more in dewy grass I kneel
To pluck the daisy fair—
The first frail daisy of the Spring,
All lonely growing there.

A gladsome girl, that merry morn,
Light laughing, did I say,
To one—now passed away and gone
For many a weary day—
"This first-born flower of the year,
Just dawning bright and gay,
Shall mark a happy hour for us
When we are old and gray."

The daisy in my locket quaint
His fingers fastened tight;
And from that hour my daisy flower
Has never seen the light.
Unfriendly friends and Fortune's frown
Have swept him from my sight;
Yet still with care I cherish there
Those faded petals white.

HARD LUCK.

BY
C. SHACKELFORD.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PUBLISHED CHAPTERS.

DALPH, the hero, tells his own story. It begins with his earliest recollection, as a boy of five years, of traveling in an old-fashioned stage-coach, with a tall, stony man, whom he believed to be his father, and whose language and caresses tend to fasten that idea upon the youthful mind. They arrive at the town of Chester in the evening, where they stop at a dilapidated country tavern for the night. The next morning Ralph is awakened by the firing of cannon, and is informed by his companion that it is the Fourth of July. They go to witness the celebration of the day, and just as they are about leaving the place where the firing is going on, the cannon bursts and kills Ralph's supposed father. The boy, nearly distraught, is kindly taken charge of by one Jacob Penn, who brings him to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blegg, who is a short, thick-set woman with a long, sharp nose and thin lips, and whose daughter, Tillie, of about the same age as Ralph, is of a vicious disposition, and disposed to make light of his misfortune. Mr. Blegg returns to his Fourth of July dinner, and it is announced to our hero that the *paterfamilias* is the sheriff and keeper of the jail which is next door to the house. The dinner-table conversation reveals the fact that an inquest had been held on the remains of Ralph's father, that there was nothing found indicating his name, but that he had about him a thousand dollars, which Mr. Blegg remarks "will pay for the boy's keeping." The boy being ignorant of his own surname, is christened by Mrs. Blegg by her own maiden name, Goldtant, and is told by her not to dare to disgrace it. Ralph being thus labeled by Mrs. Blegg, and adopted into the family, the chapter closes.

CHAPTER III.—JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

FROM the hour in which Jacob Penn picked me up and carried me away from that public square—so terrible to me for its tragedy—he was my protector and friend, as far as he could be without danger to his own interests. He was some sort of deputy about the jail; if the truth were known, I think it would be found he was really the acting sheriff, Mr. Blegg enjoying the emoluments, and Jacob Penn doing the work. I think Mr. Blegg was incompetent for any labor. His forte was a pompous idleness. He was a large consumer

of whisky in the form of straights, punches, slings, cocktails, and a catalogue of other drinks, the concocting and drinking of which was a science in which he was not to be excelled. He was also the best story-teller in Chester—a town made up, as it was, of more common people than of educated and refined ones—and this accomplishment, together with his artistic absorption of liquor, gave him much popularity among his class, and, as I afterward learned, greatly aided him in obtaining his position of sheriff, which he still retained by the same glorious American art.

Jacob was a ruddy, round-faced man of thirty-five, growing rotund with good living, and a genial, jolly disposition. He would again and again take me upon his knee and tell me, in his kind, fatherly way, many stories of his adventures, fitted for my childish comprehension. In this way I took in a large amount of information, that, could I have been able to read, would not have been found in books suitable to my age and understanding. And how I pondered, in my baby way, on those charming anecdotes! Such a busy brain as I had all the time Penn was at his labors in the day, and at night even, when I lay broad awake in my little comfortless room, wondering and planning such a flood of questions as I should ply my good friend with when next I should see him. He it was who kept me, in many instances, out of the talons of Mrs. Blegg, and away from the petty persecutions of her daughter. It was to him I went in my ignorance, and demanded to know "when my papa was coming back, as well as where he had gone?" It was a pretty hard undertaking for Jacob to make the truth plain to me, and see the grief of my poor little heart when I fairly understood that never again would I see my father, or ride in the coach with him, or have him dress me mornings, and call me his "dear little Ralph."

"Now, if you only knew your other name," he suggested on one occasion, "we might perhaps find some of your friends to send you to, or find out where your father came from. But you don't; and there we stop. The weekly paper has advertised you, and nothing came of it. So you must live with us, and be a good little boy, and grow up to be a great man some day."

This last advice he repeated again and again, as if I was his own child, of whom he wished to be proud. That I could not aid him with the desired information as to my father's name, was owing to a very simple cause. I had never to my knowledge heard it spoken. I had lived with him, and journeyed with him, I could remember, but he had always called me Ralph. I judge that this deficiency of knowledge on my part was a great difficulty in Jacob's designs for my future; for, he continually asked me the same questions, perhaps with the feeble hope that my memory would some time or other recall the facts he desired to ascertain.

For the first few days at the jail I got along very nicely. Mr. Blegg smoothed my hair at every chance; Penn, of course, had always a pleasant word; and Mrs. Blegg forbore—perhaps in view of my recent grief, and a stray spark of humanity somewhere in her tough heart—to inflict upon me any other punishment than sharp words. But Tillie proved herself a tyrant in every respect, and hated me heartily, though for what reason I could never discover, unless it was because I came there at all, to divide that attention of others which had heretofore been bestowed upon herself.

I think it was the third day after my father's death, that, upon going to the dinner-table, I found there two men, evidently acquaintances of Mr. Blegg, who had just come in and were seating themselves at the table. They stared at me in an unpleasant manner when I entered the room, and I heard Blegg whisper:

"There's his boy." Whereupon one man exclaimed, "Indeed!" and the other, "Ah!" and both looked at me harder than ever. Evidently I had interrupted a conversation between them.

"Does he look like him?" asked one of the new-comers—a description of whom would not be out of place. A thin, nervous man, about twenty-eight years of age, with long coarse brown whiskers, a bald spot on the top of his head, flashing brown eyes of almond shape, and a long, sharp nose. His walk was a shambling, loose-jointed gait, as if the man had been badly put together. His voice was sharp, even shrill, when he became a little excited. I shall never forget his appearance that day, because it was the same for years afterward, in his malicious persecutions of me. His name was Captain Fimkin. The other man's name and appearance were long ago forgotten, as I never saw him after that day.

To Captain Fimkin's question, Mr. Blegg responded by:

"You ought to know, it seems to me."

"I? Heavens, no! You see, it's all from a hand-bill. Description of man given in it. I remember that I saw exactly such a man enter the stage-coach. I trace him here, and find I'm three days too late. Loss, two thousand dollars. Bad! awful bad!"

"Are you sure, captain?" asked Blegg.
"Swear to it," ejaculates the captain.

"And the crime was?" lowering his voice to a whisper.

Captain Fimkin leaned forward and answered in a tone so low that I could not catch the word or words. Mr. Blegg, looking meditatively at him, rolled his flexible nose from side to side, then gently scratched his head.

"You didn't mention his name, I think," said Mr. Blegg, closing one eye and squinting at the two with the other in a comical way.

"Well, no, I didn't," said the captain, regarding me with what I took to be an unfriendly glance from his devilish eyes.

"Name's Splinters, if you'd like to know," growled the deep bass voice of the man who had not thus far spoken.

"That may or may not be so," said Captain Fimkin, balancing a fork on one of his fingers "I have personal knowledge that it was some-

thing else years ago. But the man's dead. Names are nothing. Nice boy, that! Come here, sonny!"

The sinister flash of his eyes frightened me, and I did not stir.

"Poor little boy!" interposed Mr. Blegg. "It's hard on him to lose his father!"

"Confound the brat for his obstinacy, I say. You're wasting pity in that line. Gad! Supposing the man had lived! Bah!" He spoke the last word so vehemently, that the fork he had been playing with slipped with a loud clang to the floor. He picked it up angrily, as if it had fallen out of spite against himself.

"Let it be secret, Joseph, for the boy's sake!" said Blegg, appealingly.

"To the deuce with the boy! What do I care? You can do as you like. I'll think about it."

Just here Mrs. Blegg entered the room, and the conversation was quickly turned to other topics.

During all that long meal I sat there struggling to eat, yet wondering if they had been talking about my father; and if so, why? and why the one called Captain Fimkin had acted so toward me, when I had never seen or heard of him before. It was all something beyond my comprehension; but it made me miserable, young as I was, all that day. I even went to Penn with my troubles, told them in my childish way, and felt easier, because he laughed when I stated, as near as I could, what had been said.

"You're mixed on the subject, baby. Why should they talk about you, a poor little nobody? Don't bother your little head about what you hear that isn't spoken to you."

Notwithstanding Jacob Penn's assurance, a doubt of the excellence of his judgment in this matter grew up in my mind. Not only that, but it seemed to me that Mrs. Blegg, from that time forward, treated me with a severity that I am now sure emanated from what her husband must have confided to her as one result of the conversation between these men. Mr. Blegg himself gave less heed to me—or, at least, my sensitive nature caused me to think so—from that day. He forgot to smooth my hair or take me on his knee; or to speak soothingly, on the sly, when his wife was unusually snarling or snapshish with me. To this changed condition of my existence was added my uneasy thoughts, that were continually dwelling upon that dinner-table conversation, with a weakness of understanding that tortured without enlightening me. Why should there have been such talk about me? Why should there have been such talk before me? Why any secrecy or words spoken below my hearing? Why any reference to me by looks and words? And why, finally, a change in the manner of Mr. Blegg? were questions which preyed upon my mind whenever I was left by myself and permitted to think without restraint.

It must not be supposed these questions came all at once; but, rather, in the course of weeks and months, one gradually suggesting another, culminating in one great doubt—*my own identity*. Even Penn could afford me no relief, though I went to him almost daily. He was as gently kind as ever; but unable or unwilling, I do not know which, to lessen my childish misery. He generally answered my direct questions as to uncertain matters by, "Don't bother about it, young 'un!" leaving me wondering whether it was he or myself that was not to be bothered. Such answers never satisfied me; and for months I lived with a morbid anxiety torturing my mind, that all Jacob's advice and charming stories could not dispel. I was becoming a very old little boy under such malign influences; and I remember that people guessing at my age, judging from my actions and speech, called me two or three years older than I really was. What wonder that it was so, when everybody, save Jacob Penn, seemed against me! And behind them all, as an adverse, moving power, I, too, soon recognized Captain Joseph Fimkin, with his bald head and almond eyes, popping up in every phase of my life like the ugly, frightful "Jack-in-the-box" that Penn one day presented to me.

CHAPTER IV.—ONE LINK LOST.

THE town of Chester was the county seat. It was remarkable for nothing save its heart-stirring dinginess in a rain-storm, when the buildings grew brown, and the white-washed fences lost their complexion. On one side rose a long, high hill, one base coming to within a few feet of the sluggish creek that squirmed its way through tall grass and rushes, partly over a dam, and partly down a race that passed under great mills, whose wheels churned it into foam; then over a shallow stream-bed where the stones stuck their slimy green faces above the surface, and, with their backs, sheltered whole colonies of crabs. The buildings were principally on the flat land which spread away into fruitful farms, while in Summer time, broad fields of grain, like carpets of emerald, undulated with every breath of wind. Day and night, throughout the year, was heard the dull roar of falling water at the dam, and, saving Sundays, the rumbling and clattering of the huge mills. Beyond these sounds the place was dull, with a perpetual drowsiness hanging over it, and permeating the air. The only awakening was when the coach went tearing through the streets, on its way to and from the tavern, the driver cracking his whip with reports like pistol-shots.

Births and funerals hardly rippet the stagnant current of existence; and my father's tragic death caused more commotion than anything that had happened there for twenty years, and so brought me prominently before the townspeople. I very soon became known to almost every man, woman and child in the place. But as I was still very shy and sensitive, I kept a good deal by myself. I had not forgotten that my name was now Ralph Goldtant, and that by adoption I was a member of Mrs.

Blegg's family. But I fear that was done on the generous impulse of the moment; for, after a few months with the sheriff, it came to pass that I was made to perform such menial labor as was within my strength and ability, in the jail or in the house, as wanted.

I ran fifty errands a day for Mrs. Blegg. I brought huge, unwieldy baskets of chips from an adjacent woodpile; and very often my little form staggered under the weight of a bucket of water, fit only for a child twice my strength to carry. For some reason Penn never asked me to do anything for him; in fact, he did many a thing for me, that I could not possibly perform.

His room was a little one in the jail; and there I spent many an hour, for which Mrs. Blegg, wanting me for something and not finding me, gave me many a sound thrashing unbeknown to her husband. Often was the time that after such a beating I have gone to bluff, hearty Penn, and had him soothe my grief with a fairy tale, or a story of what he knew of the world.

One day, toward the last of the first six months, Jacob, holding me in his lap, and looking at me seriously, said, in a low voice:

"Ralph, do you know what the poor house is?"

I assured him that I had not the slightest idea, though I had seen the building more than once.

"Well, it's not a nice place for little boys," suggested Jacob. "In fact, it's a genuine bad place for them."

"Are there many there?" I asked.

"Considerable. I don't think you'd like to go there," he continued, after a pause. "But, you see, Mrs. Blegg don't fancy you particular, and wants to get rid of you. I think, Ralph, there's where you'll go, if my judgment is worth shucks. Mr. Blegg says 'No' but what does that amount to when her back's up?"

I answered him that I had done my best.

"Of course you have. The old man likes you, as I have reason to know. But, lordy! what won't a woman's tongue do save keep still? Yet, don't mind, young 'un. Good little boys have lots of friends, if they only know it, and Jake Penn will keep his eyes open for you, see if he don't. But, I say, Ralph, keep on the sunny side of that little vixen!"

"Tillie, Mr. Penn?" I asked.

"Yes, Tillie. She is a pocket edition of her mother, which you don't understand, nor 'tain't necessary as you should. If my Betsy was alive, we'd be here, I can tell you. Now, don't say anything about what we said!" he concluded, putting me down from his knee.

I agreed to that, and ran home, fearing Mrs. Blegg's wrath if I had been wanted while away.

It was not more than a week after this conversation that I overheard Mrs. Blegg say to her husband:

"It's time, Richard, that we settled upon what's to be done with that boy. He worries the life out of me and Tillie; besides, what's spent on him is taken from her."

"Don't fret, Sarah," said Mr. Blegg.

"That's what you always say. You don't care about my sufferings. The idea of having that ugly-tempered child brought up with our Tillie! Think of it, Richard Blegg!" raising her voice to a high pitch as she concluded.

"Tut! tut! The boy's not to blame. Let him alone—he's a good little fellow."

This dialogue was taking place in the lower hall. I was in a room on the floor above, and the words came to me clearly and distinctly. The reference to myself revived the intense anxiety of a few months previous, and, creeping to the stairway, I was intently listening, when, without a sound of warning, a hand came down upon me and pushed my head through the railing, from which I could not immediately release it.

"Ma! ma!" squeaked a voice which I instantly recognized as Tillie's—"this mean boy's a-listening to you. Ma, I've caught him!" and Mrs. Blegg looked up to find my head directly above hers. A flash of delight came into her eyes, and spread over her face. With a short laugh of satisfaction, she came up the stairs as sprightly as a girl of seventeen, and in a very short space of time I was in a room, undergoing an unusually-severe punishment, which I remember enduring sullenly, almost without a whimper, because I heard Tillie laughing in the hall outside the door.

"There!" cried Mrs. Blegg, puffing and panting with her efforts. "Perhaps you'll swear around and listen again to what don't concern you!" She drew back and looked at me in a manner that made me feel that she was contemplating my sudden destruction. During this uncomfortable recess, the voice of Tillie outside the door struck up a tune with only these words, "Oh! how glad I am! Oh! how glad I am!" which she put through all the variations.

The strain seemed to invigorate Mrs. Blegg; she seized me once more, twisted me backward and forward, until I went around like a whirligig, and fell over a stool; whereupon she picked me up, and turned me over so quickly, that my head seemed loose enough to be unsafe for future use, and I began to despair of ever knowing on which end to stop. Luckily, Mr. Blegg at this moment came into the room, and glanced at us both with a look of astonishment.

"Well, well!" he began, in a tone of surprise. "You're having lively times here, judging by the racket. You're abusing the boy, Mrs. Blegg."

"Humph!" grunted his wife, working her claws as if she'd like to clutch me again. "I hate the little imp. He needs a good beating, but I've only shaken him up like an ounce vial."

"Very—very bad treatment, ma'am, if you wish to correct the child. Ralph, come here! Now, little fellow," taking me up gently and putting me on a table, "don't you know that little boys should be seen, and not heard. It is a maxim which—"

"Which nobody but a fool would tell," said his wife, with a laugh that was meant to flavor her remark with sarcasm. "Why, that was the very trouble with him, Richard. He was seen, and not heard."

I am very much of the opinion that Mr. Blegg felt like laughing at this blow given from his own club, for his lips twitched nervously, and his eyebrows went up and down, as, pursuing his pet occupation of flattening his nose with his fore-finger, he looked solemnly from his wife to myself. I sat upon the table, fearless, and stupidly staring at the two who were thus making me a bone of contention.

"I am about to reprove this child, Sarah, in my own way," said Mr. Blegg, straightening his back, and tucking his thumbs under the arm-holes of his vest, "and I hope you'll not spoil the moral effect of my efforts."

"Of course not, Dick," replied Mrs. Blegg. "I've practiced, and you may preach, if you'll let me go." Her hand was on the door-knob.

"Go!" he commanded, with a wave of his arm. She at once disappeared.

Left alone with Mr. Blegg, I began to cry.

"Ralph, can you howl?" he whispered.

"Howl like a dog, do you mean?"

"Or like a little boy about to be whipped—either will do."

"Yes sir," I said, laughing in spite of myself—guessing his meaning.

"Then, howl!"

I did so, lustily. He put his right hand deep down into his pocket, dredged out a silver quarter, looked at me with the comical twist of his eye, and said, gently:

"That's let me out of the scrape, and you, Ralph, do try and be a good boy!" Then, lifting me down from the table, he left the room.

I was greatly puzzled by this treatment, and so had to tell Penn of it.

"Just like him!" he commented when the story was told. "He's the best man living, mind that! He likes you, Ralph; so, get along as easy as you can with Mrs. Blegg and Tillie."

He said this as if I were really a downright bad boy.

From that day my treatment, for a month or thereabouts, was not so harsh. The reason for the change is something for which I am at a loss to account. I know my heart grew lighter, and Mr. Blegg appeared to me as one of the best men in the world—always excepting dear Jacob, against whose armor of good nature Mrs. Blegg's arrows of censure were continually rattling, and who seemed to me to be a sufferer as my shield.

But this season of relief was brief. One cold night, in the latter part of Winter, I was awakened by the noise of many footsteps in the house, the gleaming of lights, the soft but hurried opening and shutting of doors, the sound of voices speaking in low tones. Then, after a while, and just as I was going to sleep again, I was startled by a loud cry. It was Mrs. Blegg's voice, and frightened me terribly, as it continued to wall and echo through the halls. Slipping out of bed, I felt my way to the open door of my room, just in time to meet Penn, who was coming up the stairs.

"Better go back to bed, little 'un," he said, picking me up and carrying me to my cot.

"What is the matter, Jacob?" I asked. "I was so scared!"

"Mr. Blegg is dead, Ralph! He died in a fit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," the tears coming into my eyes, as I remembered what death had done for me, not a twelvemonth before.

"Now you must lie still, and go to sleep, and not make any trouble! Will you?"

I promised him, and he stole softly away in his stocking feet, leaving me to fight in the dark, for more than an hour, with all the terrible phantoms which a death is sure to call up before a child's mind.

I frightened myself to sleep only after I had looked for a long time at the picture, always of late in my mind, of the way in which my father had died. That had brought misery enough to wither the pleasures of my young life; but this new victim left me with one friend less, and in the care of enemies who had hitherto delighted in torturing me in an infinite variety of ways. It is true I was a mere child, but had I not thought for many, many hours upon everything which I could remember as connected with my life since the night I had come to Chester? It was a mystery to me, and had been, why no one came for me—why no relatives or friends had made search for me. Remembering the talk between Captain Flimkin and Mr. Blegg, I felt sure they knew something. But the captain had gone, and now Mr. Blegg was dead—his lips for ever closed. So, with eyes straining to pierce the darkness, I lay trying to solve this one problem of my life—a baby Atlas, with an unknown burden of misery on my shoulders.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT FORTY.

SOME few weeks ago, I was invited to dine in the Strangers' Room of a certain club in Pall Mall, to meet an old friend of mine who on that very day completed his fortieth year. He had stipulated, our host told us, that none of those present should be younger than himself, and his terms were agreed to, those selected to meet him being in almost all cases one or two years his seniors both in age and university standing, and no one being there who was not at least twoscore.

One impostor, it is true, on the strength of having no gray hairs nor bald places, asserted he was the youngest of the party, and still belonged to the "T's"; but his claims were clearly shown to be fallacious, and he subsided after the second glass of champagne, and took his proper place among the "F's". This was in accordance with a humorous arrangement of a mathematician of the party, who classed all his friends under the three heads of "T," "F," and "S"—"Twenty, Thirty;" "Forty, Fifty;" "Sixty, Seventy."

After all, though, on looking round the table, and observing almost every head was either growing sliver, or "thinning at the top," and in some instances both, one was not much disposed to joke on the subject of age. I remember a friend of mine well on in the "F's" remarking to me some years ago that I should soon begin to realize that I was growing old by observing that the majority of the people I saw in the streets were younger than myself; and I quite feel the truth of his observation now, though I did not at the time he stated it.

Another thing to be remarked upon a man when he gets to be about forty is, that his future career is pretty well determined, or, at least, a good start in life ought to have been made, if ever it is to be made. The rising barrister has claimed, or is in a position to claim silk. The active curate has become the sleek rector, or, it may be, young archdeacon, or, should he have the gift of popular preaching, in these days of rapid church advancement, may be almost fluttering in lawn. The army man, even in the artillery or line, may hope to be a major at least. The politician, junior lord or under-secretary, or, in some instances of rare good luck, the head of a department of government.

The literary man should have published more than one successful book, and should be settling down as a polite editor, a caustic reviewer, or a special correspondent; and not to multiply examples, the city man about forty should be taking work leisurely, and looking about for a junior partner.

To turn from a man's public life to his private social position—that is usually quite settled at forty, for the majority of men are either married, or accept without offense the designation of "old bachelor."

With the exception of our host, who has not yet joined "the noble army of martyrs," and myself, who happened to be recently married, every one at table was a Paterfamilias.

Jones, still as cheery and pleasant as he was twenty years ago at Trinity, can count a dozen olive branches round his table.

Smith, who was a young man we looked upon as a somewhat selfish dandy, is now, in dress and demeanor, the quietest man imaginable, a most devoted and attentive husband to a sickly and rather tiresome wife.

Brown, the epicure of our party, still retains his love for the good things of this world, but finds comparatively little scope to indulge his tastes among his Yorkshire parishioners; for Mrs. Brown cares more for the prattle of her fifth daughter than the best dinner she partakes of during her short season in town, and longs to be back to her children again, and out of hot, noisy London. I could not help wondering, while sitting among my contemporaries at this dinner, where some met again, for the first time, after many years' interval, how the world had treated my old acquaintances since we were all undergraduates together. Most of those who were my fellow-guests, it was pleasant to see, were prosperous-looking, and some even rather portly men; and we all enjoyed an excellent dinner, the more from the uncommon friendliness which springs from old association.

About forty, one discovers very forcibly that friendship is like good wine, and materially improves with age, and that those we knew fifteen or twenty years ago, we meet with totally different feelings to the acquaintance of the year before last.

I recollect, as a young man, how few friends I knew in the "F" division at my club, though there were many in the "S" (looked on as very old men) with whom I was on terms of friendly intimacy. The fact is, about forty, men are usually too busy to think or care about cultivating the acquaintance of younger men than themselves; their contemporaries are sufficiently numerous to give them as much society as they care for, and there exists among them no feeling of sympathy toward those ten years younger than themselves, such as they will probably acquire in after years.

I have heard it alleged as a reason why a certain club in Pall Mall is not a sociable club, that almost all its members are middle-aged men, and therefore do not assimilate together.

It is, I fancy, when we come to the "S" or final stage of our journey, and find our old friends sadly thinned by change or death, that we are glad to bestow a kind word or friendly nod on the youths who remind us of a son or nephew, or bring back feelings of vague recollection, and it may be regret, to those distant days when, as a certain statesman observes, "we ourselves were young and curly."

On the whole, then, "about forty" must be considered a somewhat solitary period of life, but at the same time it possesses not a few advantages peculiarly its own. It is true that most of the illusions of life have vanished, and that high spirit which carried us through difficulties is effectually sobered; but with a man of sound constitution, who has taken tolerable care of himself, all the substantial advantages of life are left.

His eyesight is probably as keen as ever it was, and he is nearly, if not quite, as good across country as he was ten years ago, though he may ride fifteen stone.

If he be wise, he has given up dancing, though I have met with men considerably past forty, who are such devoted worshipers of Terpsichore that they still haunt scenes where they formerly distinguished themselves.

Undoubtedly, there is one thing a man ought to have acquired at forty, and that is, the ability to recognize and appreciate a good dinner. I confess I feel nearly as great a contempt for a man of forty who does not care what he eats as I do for a dainty youngster of twenty.

As boys, it is natural we should, as it were, rush upon our chief meal to be in time for the theatre, where we have taken stalls; but, to middle-aged men, the attractions of the drama are less absorbing than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and they have learned that one of

the most essential adjuncts to enjoyment at dinner is repose.

On certain matters connected with the table, they have decided opinions—think, for instance, that oysters are always (when in season) the best thing to commence upon; that champagne goes well with cheese; and that dressed fish is a mistake.

Then, again, about forty may be considered physically a safe age; for though people die, of course, at all ages, and thirty-seven is considered, I believe, the average of human life, yet we are not as we were in the days of Edward III., when few gentlemen lived till they were forty, but, on the contrary, have surmounted juvenile disorders, and, with the exception of a hint of approaching gout, are free from the infirmities of age.

So, with all its drawbacks, there is something favorable to be said about forty. Must I confess that when our club party broke up, I was half-oblivious of the lapse of twenty years, and inclined to ask our host: "Shall you be at morning chapel to-morrow?" but that infliction at least we most of us escape when about forty."

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC.

IT has been stated, and much deprecated, that recently, at Boston, a "Sunday Evening Concert of Sacred Music" was much "demoralized" by an introduction into the programme of an irreverent piece, from a popular opera, changed by slow time and a low key, harmoniously arranged, into a solemn-sounding performance. But the musical "culture" of the audience enabled them at once to detect the original notes which had been foisted upon them as *sacred music*!

The Rev. John Wesley had the true idea in his great, comprehensive mind, when he said to a remonstrating brother, in relation to many of the early Methodist hymns, so joyous in some cases, and so simply pathetic in others, "Suppose they are set to familiar and worldly airs? We mustn't let the devil have all the good tunes!"

Now, to appreciate the good sense and full force of this remark, let the reader once listen to a Methodist congregation singing fervently, "with one accord," that inviting hymn, to its old tune, commencing:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able, he is able,
He is willing—doubt no more."

"Come, ye needy—come, and welcome—
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy."

Now, what does the reader of this paper suppose is the tune to which these imploring words are sung, at slow time, and on the minor key, so solemnly and so pathetically, by enthusiastic Methodists? Without the change of a note, it is the air of "Miss McLeod's Reel," a lilting dancing-tune, after which, perhaps, he has tripped on the "light fantastic toe" many a time and oft!

DISCOVERY OF A FOSSIL MAN.—About a month since a discovery of great interest was made in a cavern between Mentone and Ventimiglia, on the Italian frontier, not far from Nice. M. Rivière, the French geologist, having been sent by his Government to study the fossil natural history of Liguria, discovered the skeleton of a pre-historic man in a large cave situated in the mountains above Mentone. The skeleton thus brought to light, a photograph of which we have seen, is unique both as to its authenticity and completeness. It has been successfully freed from the earth which covered it, and no unlucky stroke of the pickax has injured any part of it, only the weight of the superincumbent earth had caused the fracture of the ribs many years ago. Flint implements lying around it are mingled with the remains of antediluvian animals. Crowds from all parts of the Riviera, and especially from Nice, have been to visit this curiosity. One of our correspondents has seen it, and declares that the fossil man is most complete. Shells with holes bored in them, evidently for purposes of personal adornment, have been likewise discovered in great abundance, and flint implements of the age of stone have also been found. The body is recumbent, and one hand is hidden under the skull. The height of the man must have been about six feet, and the bones indicate great power. As usual in such matters, the authorities are disputing the right of possession. Italians declare, that as the skeleton was discovered on their territory, it belongs to them. The French assert that they discovered it, and, moreover, M. Rivière proves that he purchased the cave previous to the discovery. Meantime the skeleton remains in its cave, the object of innumerable pilgrimages and the subject of European conversation.

AN ICICLE TWO THOUSAND MILES LONG.—According to a letter from St. Johns, N.F., in the New York *Post*, the Arctic regions have this year thrown off an ice spur of an unprecedented magnitude, which is drifting down into the Gulf Stream, and chilling its tropical temperature. The writer says that since last January enormous fields of ice, sometimes 200 miles in breadth, have been passing the shores of Newfoundland in almost continuous streams. The thickness of this field of ice is from twenty to thirty feet. The distance between Baffin's Bay, where the ice-fields are formed, and the waters of the Gulf Stream, where the masses are dissolved, is from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It may be affirmed, without any exaggeration, that a river of ice, varying from 50 to 200 miles in breadth and 2,000 miles in length, has been for three months pouring incessantly its contents into the tepid waters of the Gulf

Stream. Last Winter was fearfully severe, and the quantity and thickness of the ice unprecedented. The irruption of this immense mass of ice into our latitude may account for the cold and backward season we then experienced.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

VERDI will be made an Italian Senator.

NAPOLEON diverts himself as a bug-collector.

SEÑOR ZORILLA accepts the Premiership of Spain.

ST. LOUIS opens her public libraries on Sunday.

THE ex-King of Naples is after his third divorce.

PRESIDENT THIERS is in another muddle with his deputies.

BISMARCK has gone to the Isle of Wight for his health.

COUNT SCLOPI, of Italy, is President of the Geneva tribunal.

The last rumor is that Princess Nellie is to wed a Scottish lord.

UPWARD of sixteen American widows are sojourning at Dresden.

DURING the past week, the police of this city made 1,930 arrests.

LADIES are being admitted to the practice of dentistry in Germany.

LADY BEACONFIELD, Disraeli's wife, is ill beyond hope of recovery.

THE veteran Spanish Liberal, Espartero, is to visit President Thiers.

THE celebrated statistician, Dr. Engel, has left the Prussian service.

BRIGHAM YOUNG now has his sermons reported *verbatim*, like Beecher.

THE King and Queen of Saxony celebrate their golden wedding in August.

THE Pope has addressed the foreign powers on the condition of the Holy See.

VICTOR EMANUEL is obliged to give up the chase on account of rheumatism.

A WORKINGMEN'S MONUMENT to the late Elias Howe is proposed for Central Park.

THE new Spanish Ministry are in favor of the separation of the Church and State.

THE bill depriving Jesuits of the rights of citizenship has been passed by Germany.

LORD LISGAR, the retiring Governor-General of Canada, was *stabbed* at Montreal on the 20th.

LEOPOLD, Victoria's youngest son, has enrolled himself in a Scotch volunteer regiment.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is urged as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia.

PRINCE ARTHUR will soon attach himself to a regiment for a tour of service in British India.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the coronation of Pius IX. occurred on June 21st. He is now 80 years old.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL has abolished the custom of having his hand kissed at court receptions.

WILLIAM GROESBECK and Frederick Law Olmsted are the last candidates for President and Vice-President.

THE new French Minister to Rome has informed the Pope that he must expect nothing from France.

A PARTY of Austrian noblemen reached New York last week, bent on a visit to the Yellowstone Park.

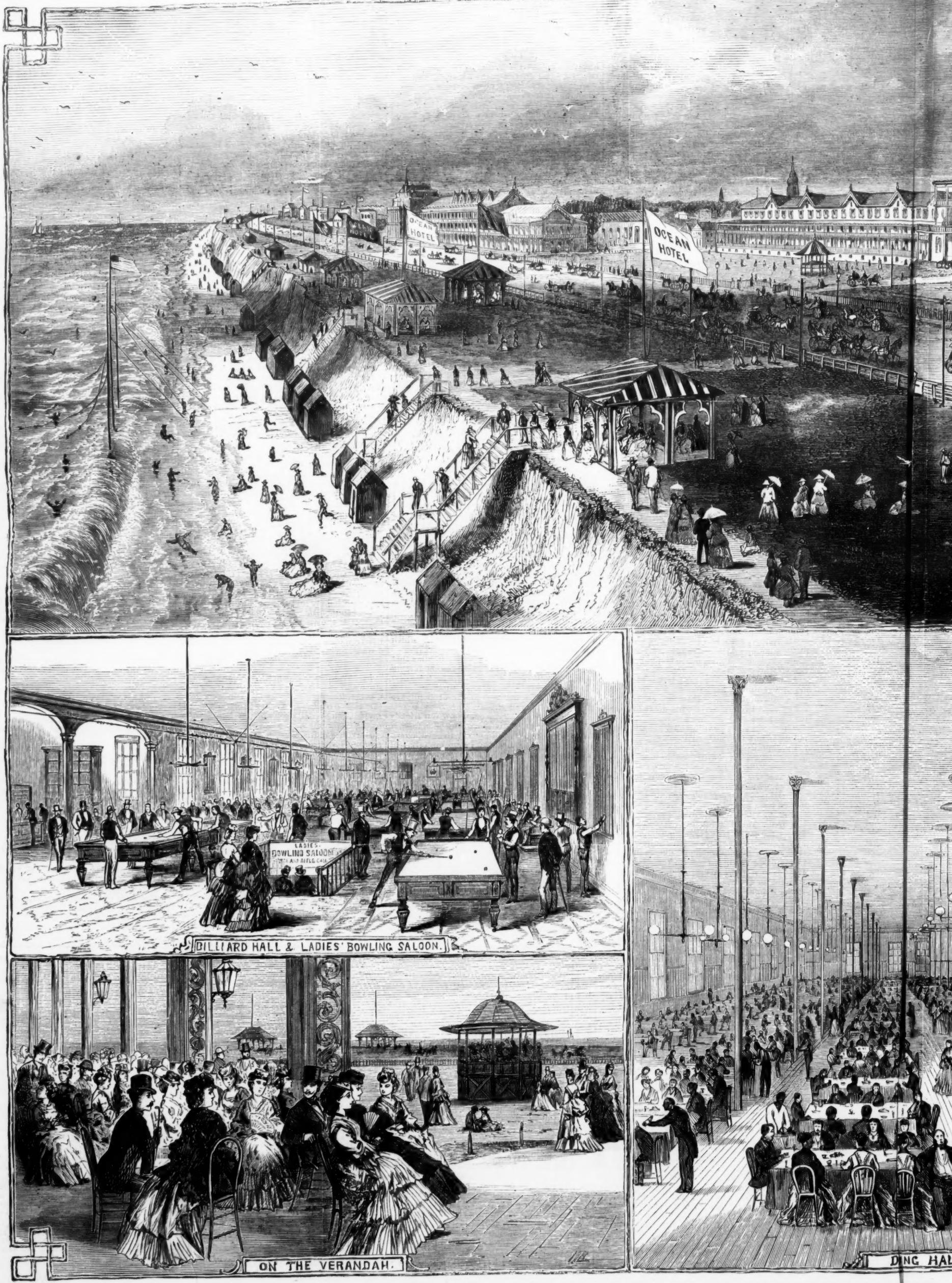
DURING the past week there have been in this city 102 marriages, 441 births, 46 still-births, and 641 deaths.

THE KING of Bavaria's betrothal to the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia is made public.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL of Russia possesses one of the most valuable mineralogical collections in Europe.

THE ORANGEMEN of NEW YORK are determined to have another procession on the 12th of July, the Police permitting.

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ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH—VIEWS OF THE OCEAN HOTEL, THE RIVE,



A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

WHY did we quarrel? Oh, love, was it well,
We, bounden by ties too many to tell,
Should play our parts so ill,
That now, when we meet, I may not lay
My hand in your cordial clasp and say,
"God bless you, darling!" still?

We used to finish our letters so,
In the dear old days of long ago,
Ere ever we learnt to thrill
At the touch of each other's hands, and burn
With a troubled, trembling, sweet concern.
God bless you, darling, still!

But you were hasty, and I was proud;
And neither spirit as yet was cowed
By presage of coming ill.
For you left me; and I—let you go;
Nor shadow of sorrow I designed to show.
God bless you, darling, still!

Yes, I say it now, though we meet so cold,
With never a word of the days of old,
And never a smile to tell
The aching void in each other's heart;
Yet, love, mine echoes before we part,
God bless you, darling, still!

THE SISTER'S SECRET.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

MY merciful Father in heaven alone knows what I went through in the two days succeeding the doctor's first visit. I awaited him in an agony of expectation in the morning, but he did not come. I was evidently too poor to be worth attending, and he doubtless thought he could make a better use of his time than by spending even ten minutes of it in my garret. No one would come near me, and my visits to the kitchen for coals and hot water were barely tolerated. I was shunned like a leper; deserted like one plague-stricken. I hugged my poor wailing bairn, praying that if it were to die I might at least catch the poison of its disease, and perish with it.

On the third night I lay down on my bed without undressing. I was utterly worn out. For the whole of that day I had tasted no food, and my empty stomach filled me with a sickness worse than death. Nature, long resisted, triumphed at last. My babe seemed to sleep by my side, its little head pillow'd on my arm, its limbs smoothed down in temporary repose. I closed my eyes, and my overwrought, intensely wearied sense instantly yielded to oblivion.

I awoke with a sudden start. It was broad daylight. The sun struggled through the sooty apertures in the roof, and the room was filled with a discolored light. I looked at my child. Its face was hidden in the flannel that enveloped it; my arm had shifted, and the babe's head had been deprived of its support. I raised the child in my arms and examined it. I touched its face, it was cold; its arms, they were icy. I looked into its features, they were rigid and set. I witnessed the presence of death at once. I placed the little body on the bed, leant over it, and suddenly fainted.

I revived. The grate was black; the room was colder than the streets. I felt wolfish with hunger. I had money in my pocket—a few pence. I left the house without bonnet or cloak, bought a loaf of bread, returned, and sitting down, with my eyes fixed on the little corpse, commenced eating with the quick savage noiselessness of a madwoman. Presently I began pacing the room. I knew not what I did; I was only conscious of the necessity of treading softly lest I should awake my child. From time to time, as I trod lightly as a tigress, I turned my eyes toward the body. The sight gave me no tears; but as I continued to look a new sense was excited in me.

It was a sense of wild, ferocious passion. It was a yearning to tear, to scatter. A burning thirst for vengeance seized me. A terrible hate for every human thing possessed me. I felt that there was no goodness, no virtue, no honor, no truth, no love, no hope in the world. I felt that all men and women were devils, placed by an unjust God on the earth to hound down the unfortunate, to drive poor women into madness, and to murder their babies. Execrations burst from my lips—but muttered low, for always the dread of waking my child was on me. Presently, out of this madness, this chaotic confusion of thought, grew a familiar spectre. "Now that my child is dead," I muttered, "I may die. There is no restraint imposed upon me now. I am free. I will join the winds in their revels. I will sail upward, and hide my madness in the clouds. My child shall go with me. I shall be hungry no more. I shall not hear the wail of my child; I shall not shudder in the piercing cold; I shall not meet the bad eyes of men and women. Near the sun we shall be warm. Near the blue, merry sky we shall be joyous."

A mad joy seized me. A frightful exultation filled my mind. I was to be free at last; I was to be hidden away from the sight of the world. My babe would be with me. "Dear heart!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we shall be free, and always together."

The sun made the shadows crawl about the room. I watched them, biting my finger-nails and thinking. The river was near me. I would sound its depths for peace. I should find it there.

But I must wait for the night. The gaunt spectre beckoned impatiently, but I cried, "Tarry yet. My face bears your hideous imprint. There is madness in my eyes. I cannot hold my lips from muttering. My mission will be guessed. Men are cruel; they drive me unto death, but will not let me taste it. We must wait for the shadows."

I remained seated on the bed near my child. No one came near me. My eyes were rooted

on the sooty window, waiting till the night should darken it.

Motionless I remained watching and waiting. I was conscious of no time—was sensible of no fatigue in this vigil. I might have been a statue, carved into one fixed expression, changeless and stirless.

Slowly the inexorable shadows grew. The room began to fade, the sunlight left the window. I watched fixedly. The room grew dark. The sunlight left the skies. I pierced the sooty screen for the signal of night—a star, but could find only an increasing darkness. Still I waited. The daylight in the streets had waned, but might not have gone. I would wait till the night had thickened—till the streets had become more vacant.

I thought of the river. I thought of it with its eddying surface, its secure depths, its complete darkness, its wooring oblivion.

I rose; I took the dead body of my child and covered its face with kisses. I kissed its cold hands, its damp hair, its frozen feet. I whispered words of love to it. Then I took a long roll of flannel, and placing the body with its face against my breast, I tied it tightly to me. I pinned my shawl securely round me that my burden might not be seen; and groping my way down-stairs, passed out into the street.

A keen wind blew, but I felt not its bitterness. Clear, cold stars glittered above me, but I noted them not. People passed me, but in my loneliness I felt the sole occupant of a hideous wilderness. I shunned the gaslights, I crept along in the darkness, and crossed the street that I might escape the radiance of well-lighted shops. The beams irritated me. They were inquisitive; they were prying. I was not their concern. Did they want to expose the weird outline on my breast? I would defeat them. They should see nothing. Men would ravish my sweet burden from me if they saw it, and I should have to die alone.

I walked toward the river. I saw the reflection of a thousand lamps in its midnight tides. I paused. "Not yet," I said. "The world is full yet. Crowds are passing me. One arm from the thousands about me will hold me back. I must wait. Midnight is at hand. The pavements will be thinned. The splash will not be heard then; there will be no rush to save me."

I hugged my precious burden, and creeping into the shade, walked backward. Was I detected? Was I suspected? I saw a policeman watching me. As I crept by he followed me some steps. I hurried on.

It would not do to loiter. There were a hundred lynx-eyed men abroad on the lookout for such as I. I must appear more bold. I must walk straight, not crouching. I must not shun the light, nor fear detection of my burden; for who shall guess its preciousness and seek to rob me of it?

I took the middle pavement and held myself erect. I glared about me with mad defiance. I felt a heroine amongst slaves; great amongst the mean; grand amongst the ignoble. For I was to die, and I did not fear death; and I knew that there was not one amongst the crowd that hurried by me that would not have trembled like a cur, wept like a child, had I bared my bosom and announced my purpose.

Suddenly a hand touched my shoulder. I shook it off with a shudder and a dreamy suggestiveness of the head. "My end is death, not vice," my lips muttered, and I passed onward. Again I felt my shoulder touched. I trembled. Was I being followed? Was my purpose guessed? I could have broken into flight, but I dared not provoke the remark I knew that that measure would involve. I walked on hurriedly, but without turning my head.

But soon I was made sensible of some one following me. He drew to my side; he went in advance of me, peering, with eyes that seemed on fire, into my face. I heard the exclamation, "Great God! can it be?" Once more the hand pressed upon my shoulder, heavily enough to arrest me and turn me face to face with my pursuer.

"Margaret—Maggie—is it you?" I heard a deep, trembling voice speak.

I buried my face in my hands, saying, "Who calls me?"

"Look at me! Do you not know me? Remove your hands—let me see you. Why, Maggie!"

I looked. We stood near a lamp, and the reflection illuminated a sunburnt, bearded face.

"Maggie," said the voice once more, "am I so changed that you do not remember me?"

Something in the voice, something now, too, in the features, sent a sensation through my blood as if I had been plunged into ice. I extended a trembling hand and touched the sleeve of his coat, asking, "Who are you?"

"Do you not remember your Cousin George?" I felt my hand taken in a close, warm pressure.

I uttered a sigh. I wrested my hand away, and beat the air in my efforts to breathe. The lamps in the street whirled around, and went out. I fell heavily upon the pavement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE death that I had so yearned for nearly came to me. For five days I remained insensible, one foot in the land of death, the other barely touching the realm of life. I raved, I wept, I horrified my attendants by giving them, by my delirium, some insight into the horrors of my experience. All this I was told afterward.

I awoke and looked about me. I was in a cheerful room, in an unfamiliar scene. Clean curtains dimmed the windows into a luxurious light. A glowing fire sent forth a delicious warmth from a bright steel grate. I was in a bed canopied in snowy dimity; at a table, in the centre of the room, sat an elderly woman, with spectacles on nose, eating her breakfast.

As I opened my eyes she looked up. I attempted to speak, but could find no voice. She remarked my effort, and approaching the

bedside, told me in soft, soothing accent not to speak.

I closed my eyes in obedience to her orders, but could not keep them closed. I looked about, wondering, doubting, remembering nothing. I raised my hands, and saw they were thin like a skeleton's. Once more I closed my eyes; and then I slept. My sleep was long and refreshing. I awoke with the consciousness of a man's face bending over me, but when I looked up it had vanished. I could speak now. I attempted to interrogate the old woman, but she would reply to no questions. Authoritatively she bade me be still, and I submitted. Presently a low tap came at the door; the old woman arose and admitted a short, jovial-faced man. He came to my bedside at once; felt my pulse, examined my tongue, addressed some cheering words to me, told me that "we" should be quite well in a short time, provided "we" were docile and obedient to wise instructions; and having conferred with the old woman for about five minutes in a series of mysterious whispers, accompanied by many gesticulations, took his departure on tip-toe.

A profound silence was maintained in the room. Burning with impatience for information, I felt it would be idle to venture upon any questions; for, though the old woman's face was full of mildness, yet I could trace there, too, all the requisite severity of a good nurse.

For three days I remained in this state; forbidden to speak, fed by my nurse on gruel and toast and other sick-room preparations, seeing no one but the doctor and the old woman. On the fourth day I felt myself well enough to rise.

"May I not get up?" I asked.

"No."

"But I am well now, and feel quite strong. Lying in bed beyond occasion requires only weakness."

"The doctor told me just now, ma'am, that you may get up to-morrow if I think you strong enough to bear the fatigue of sitting upright. But you must lie still to-day."

"On condition of my remaining quiet, will you answer me some questions?"

"Some. But I won't allow you to ask too many. It's all for your health's sake, dear," she said.

"In whose house am I?"

"In Mr. George Gordon's."

"Who are you?"

"His housekeeper."

"Where is this house situated?"

"In Kensington."

"Is Mr. George Gordon married?"

"No."

"Does he know that his mother is dead?"

"Yes."

"How long has he been home from abroad?"

"Nigh three months. Now, that will do for the present."

"One more question: is he in the house now?"

"No; he is in business in the city."

"And when does he return home?"

"In the evening. There; you see I've answered two questions. That must do."

"When can I see him?"

"When you are up," she replied, adjusting herself in her chair, with a movement suggestive of a determination to speak no more.

This short conversation satisfied something of my curiosity; but I was now all impatience to see George. The next day found me really sufficiently recovered to rise. The nurse saw the improvement, and did not object to my sitting up. Aided by her, I dressed myself, and descended to the parlor, where a sofa had been prepared for my reception near a blazing fire. It was Saturday, and Mrs. Dilke, the housekeeper, had informed me that "Mr. Gordon" (strangely the name sounded to me) would be home at two o'clock. Impatiently I awaited him. Fortunately, my expectation had not much time to deal with, for I had not left my room until twelve.

I heard his knock at the door; I heard him taking off his coat in the passage, and asking questions of the servant. My heart fluttered painfully; a light blush suffused my face, for memory had been invoked by his accent, and thoughts of mingled pain and bitterness agitated my mind.

He entered, prepared to see me, and came quickly forward with outstretched hand and cordial smile. I looked at him. In the bearded, bronzed, broad-shouldered man I could hardly recognize the George of my girlhood—the boy who played with me, the youth who defended me against his mother, the young man who had timidly proposed to me. But his clear-blue eyes were undimmed; in the serene depths lurked still the same sweet, amiable expression which they used to possess when I had met them fixed on me, or watched them raised with a look of reproach to his mother.

His smile, cordial and cheery at first, soon vanished in the sad expression prompted by memory and by the thoughts engendered by my appearance. He had not to look at me long to understand how deeply I had suffered. Misery still haunted my lineaments, and my eyes were full of melancholy and a mourning which hardly needed his sympathy to interpret.

He asked me no questions. He tried rather to distract my thoughts by talking of himself. He told me that on his arrival at New Zealand he had found the place so barren of promise that he had resolved to try his luck elsewhere.

He embarked in a small Australian brig for Sydney, New South Wales, intending to commence as a "squatter," or breeder of sheep. This life, though promising enough, he fancied was too laborious. He perceived that a wide field for choice lay before him; that young Englishmen were in request, and that industry on all sides was commanding high prices.

He who had always professed to be totally unfit for a commercial life, found success render commerce the most congenial occupation he could have adopted. He entered a large commercial house in Sydney, and in a very short

time succeeded in attracting the attention of his employers. He was quickly raised to a post of trust, and the mail bringing out information of the death of a senior clerk in the London branch of the firm, the vacant place was offered to him. He eagerly accepted the offer, and was now filling the situation at a salary of £450 a year, with every promise of a valuable partnership.

We talked of his mother. I could see that he was deeply grieved at her death having taken place during his absence. "I cannot help thinking how lonely she must have been, Maggie," he said. "And yet, did she not do her best to alienate you both from her—you especially, who might have remained with her to the last—so that she would not have died so lonely, so abandoned?" He pressed his hand upon his eyes, then, turning to me, said: "But how light must be my trial compared to what you have undergone! Some of these days, Maggie, you must tell me all that you have gone through since we last parted."

"I will tell you now, George. Do not shake your head; it will do me good to open my heart, and I am stronger than I look. Besides, it would torture me to maintain secrecy when what you have seen may lead you to imagine so much." Then, approaching a subject which I dared hardly think upon, with a sudden burst of grief, exclaimed, "Oh, George! tell me, what have they done with my child?"

I saw him repress a sudden emotion before he bidden.

"It is buried, Maggie. It was buried a week after you arrived here." I hid my face in my hands while he continued: "A crowd collected round you when you fell upon the pavement; but instantly calling a cab, I placed you in it, and following you, was driven off before the police had time to approach. It was lucky I was so quick; for, when I got you home, we found . . . we found upon you, Maggie . . . a secret that might have embarrassed us had we been called upon to account for it. I felt that should an investigation take place after your recovery, the trial would throw you back again, and perhaps kill you. And yet I knew not how to act. My housekeeper and I conferred, and she suggested that perhaps some information might be got by applying to where you lodged. But where did you lodge? Happily a letter was found in your pocket, addressed to my poor dear mother. The superscription enabled me to make all the inquiries that were necessary to evade a coroner's inquest. I called, directed by your landlady, upon the medical man whom you consulted. He was very polite; regretted greatly that a pressure of business had prevented him calling upon you as he had promised, and told me that if he could see the body he would be most happy to grant a certificate of death. . . . We buried your baby in a quiet little burial-ground a mile away from here, Maggie. When you are strong again . . . we will go together and see its grave."

I wept silently, with my face still buried in my hands. He continued to speak, evidently hoping to distract my grief by his conversation. "Was it not wonderful that I should have met you? A rare chance indeed called me on the other side of the river. Some money was due to us from a man who had given us great trouble. His residence was in the Borough, and I was deputized to see him, in the hope of effecting some sort of compromise. I was told that he was out; but I insisted upon waiting for him, and the servant did not like to refuse me admittance. I particularly remember my keen impatience at his delay, little dreaming of the wise providence that was directing me. I left his house at a late hour. As I returned home, a face passed me hurriedly. I stopped. It was a face that I had met before: it was familiar to me. A strange impulse caused me to turn and follow. The rest you know. Would such a thing be believed in a romance?"

I had by this time mastered my tears sufficiently to allow me to speak. "Yes," I said; "the rest I know; but there is much that you do not know; and you shall now hear my story. Nay, let me speak, George. Whilst my secret rests on my mind I shall be miserable. My utmost frankness is due to you, and you shall have it."

I began at the period of his departure from Lorton, and went regularly through all the bitter experiences that fill this volume. I did not hesitate. I felt that a duty lay before me, and I also comprehended that if ever I was to expect any degree of peace in the years which might yet remain to me, it was imperative that I should clear my mind of all the perilous stuff that weighed upon it. He refused to hear me at first, saying that I was not strong enough yet to bear the labor and bitterness of a confession. But as I proceeded I noticed an increasing interest. Eagerly, and with a countenance expressive of the most varied emotions, did he listen to me. I told him of my love for Major Rivers, of my elopement, of my faith, and of his desertion. I saw the veins swell in his forehead with indignation as he heard me. I told him of the birth of my child, of the conspiracy of Miss Burgoine, of my departure from Chester House, of my misery, my poverty, my determination to commit suicide. He trembled as I spoke; and as I concluded I saw him dash the large tear-drops from his eyes.

I ceased, and a long pause followed. I saw him looking at me with eyes in which I fancied I traced something of the light which had made them radiant on the day when he proposed to me.

length upon a closing scene which is already present to your thoughts. This is no novel. I have not endeavored to amuse you by astounding situations or to make you breathless by surprise. I have desired only to admit you, so far as my poor capacity allows me, into my heart's secret confidences. I think I have interested you, and that interest I gratefully recognize. The interest you take in me prompts you to wish to see me in a more secure position than that which I now occupy.

I did not marry George so speedily as you may suppose. My conscience still counted me as Major Rivers's wife, and no gratitude, no love for George, would ever have seduced me into a moment's infidelity to myself. I did not doubt that Major Rivers yet lived; and as I witnessed in George a recurrence of the old tenderness he once felt for me, I resolved to spare myself and him the pain of a second rejection by frequently speaking of myself as Major Rivers's wife, and by implying that while he lived my conscience would never permit me to be another's.

I still shared his home at Kensington; but the time came when I felt I could no longer consistently do so. His tenderness, his devotion, his never-failing amiability had inspired me with a feeling toward him such as I had thought I could never have experienced toward any man after my betrayal by Major Rivers. Studiously as he struggled to disguise his feelings, the truth would leak out at intervals, and I perceived myself to be the object of a pure and noble passion. Under these conditions, to have resided with him would have been cruel and unjust to both of us.

"George," said I to him one day, "I am going to ask you to let me take apartments near here."

He stared hard at me, but without making any remark.

"I feel," I continued, "that I have no right to burden you. I will only ask you to secure an abode for me for a short time, so that I may have leisure to look about me for a situation as a governess."

"How strangely your thoughts run upon these 'situations as governess!'" he burst out. "This was your dream in Lorton, it has been your dream twenty times since; it is your dream again now."

"It is all that I am fit for," I said.

"But why do you want to leave me?" he inquired.

I could hardly contrive a prompt reply. I answered, after some hesitation, "That I was afraid of becoming a burden."

He uttered his old familiar shrill whistle, a certain sign of his annoyance; then all at once becoming grave, he said: "I think I understand your true reason. You don't think it proper to reside in the same house with me?"

I made no answer.

He went on:

"Now, Maggie, I declare to you that I am as great a lover of delicacy as you; but I'll be hanged if I allow you to be so hypercritical as this. Is there such a wretch in this world as a person capable of seeing anything wrong in the occupation of one house by two cousins, so closely connected as we are by the ties of the very earliest associations?"

"I would not care if there were," I answered. "I am not troubled by the opinions of others. I consult only my own judgment, and the answer is, 'Live alone.'"

"So you shall; but you shall live here. If it be necessary that we should be separated, I will take lodgings; you shall occupy this house."

"You are talking nonsense."

"I am talking real hard meaning. I swear to you, Maggie, that if you persist in your wish to live alone I will leave the house."

He breathed hard. There was no mistaking his determination. I could see plainly that it would take me a long time to win, so for the present I allowed the subject to drop, secretly intending to attack it again and again, until I should weary him into compliance.

One evening, about ten days after this conversation, he returned as usual to his home. I noticed at once something in his manner which strongly excited my curiosity; it was an air of embarrassment, and yet it was not altogether embarrassment. I partly feared that matters had gone wrong with him in the city. I put, in my blunt manner, the straightforward question to him, "What's the matter?"

He eyed me uneasily, and presently said: "Maggie, are you strong enough to hear some startling news?"

"If you do not tell it me at once," I answered, "I shall not be strong enough; for curiosity weakens me like too much heat."

"Then," he said, "Major Rivers is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed, involuntarily clasping my hands and turning deadly pale.

He poured me out a glass of sherry, but I rejected it.

"Tell me, how did he die?" I said, tremulously.

"He was killed in a duel."

"In a duel?"

"Yes; he fought, at Calais, with Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn. I have the particulars in my pocket." And he produced a French paper, printed at Boulogne—one, he told me, of a file of French journals which he received every week at the office.

I was too much agitated to read; my hand trembled so that I could hardly hold the paper.

"Tell me the particulars, George," I said; "I should prefer hearing them from your lips."

He took up the paper, and running his eye down the article, which occupied nearly half a column, began to translate:

"Calais, February 4th. A duel was fought here yesterday morning between an English officer named Major Rivers and Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn. We have been enabled to collect the particulars of the combat and the causes which led to it from M. de la Roche, a sous-lieutenant who had been selected by Major Rivers as his

second, owing to the deceased officer having been disappointed of the services of the gentleman whom he had first selected for this honorable and delicate position. To M. de la Roche M. the Major had confided the cause of his animosity. It appeared that Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn had been paying his addresses to a wealthy heiress in London, but had found an obstacle to the match in a former mistress named Miss Burgoyne, a beautiful young blonde. This demoiselle, finding herself about to be neglected for her more honorable and wealthy rival, solemnly declared to the baronet that, unless he supplied her with a liberal and handsome provision, she would go to London, have an interview with the heiress, and proclaim the infidelity of the man who solicited her hand. Her threats took effect. The baronet threatened in vain. The blonde was inexorable. At this time Major Rivers had come to occupy a house at Newton, where Sir Geoffrey lived. The officer had brought with him from the country a young lady whom he represented as his wife, but who was illegally connected, being in reality the officer's first wife's sister. The baronet, hearing of this gentleman's arrival, meditated a conspiracy to which he was further incited by the remembrance of an insult which had been dealt to him years before by M. the Major. He hired a woman from London to represent herself as Miss Burgoyne's mother, and having introduced them to Major Rivers, left the blonde to play her own part. The conspiracy was successful. One Autumn day Major Rivers eloped with the blonde, leaving the woman he had deceived destitute. They were married at Paris. It did not take the major long, however, to discover the character of the woman whom he had made his wife. A furious quarrel ensued. In her passion the blonde proclaimed the truth. The deceived and infuriated officer hastened home, challenged Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn to a deadly combat, and the meeting took place, as we have said, on the 4th ultimo. The first shots that were exchanged were harmless. The baronet's second wished the conflict to end, declaring that the honor of both opponents was satisfied; but M. the Major insisted upon another shot. The pistols were loaded, the combatants placed, the signal given, and Major Rivers immediately fell dead."

NATIONAL SAENGERFEST AT ST. LOUIS.

THE grand National Saengerfest, the eighteenth of the kind, which began at St. Louis, Mo., on June 11th, came to a successful close on Sunday, June 16th. Delegations from German singing and festive societies came from all portions of the United States to take part in the enjoyment of the occasion. There were fully 1,600 singers and musicians present.

On the second day, June 12th, there was a monster procession, composed of all the local and visiting societies. Starting from Turner Hall, it paraded through the principal streets to Saengerfest Hall, where flags, festoons of flowers, transparencies and musical devices were exhibited in profusion, and then to Locust Street, where it was dismissed. The display was very fine. The Mayor, distinguished citizens and Franz Abt headed the procession in carriages. The streets and private dwellings were tastefully decorated with bunting and flags. Several of the courts, the Merchants' Exchange, Custom House and many business houses closed for the day.

The Fest was one long round of pleasure, in which the citizens very generally participated. The concert in the Fest-Halle was attended by over 12,000 persons—the Summer-night's festival at Schneider Park on the 15th, and the farewell picnic on the 16th at the Fair Grounds, by companies nearly equal in numbers.

"THE WICKED FLEE WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH."

IT used to be a very common way of stealing watches (and, in fact, it is now very frequent), for two accomplices to walk up to a gentleman in the street, late at night, one on each side of him, and the man nearest his guard-chain would salute him with, "What time is it, sir, if you please?" and when he took out his gold repeater to see, away went his watch, and the "pals" separated in different directions.

One darkish night, in Atlantic Avenue, South Brooklyn, Gignoux, the gifted and polite French artist, was asked this question by two of these gentry: "Have you the time, sir?" "Yea," said the painter, with his right hand in a side-pocket; and he went on with his body-guard until he came under a bright street-lamp, when he held up his splendid watch to the radiating glare with his left hand, and with his right, which held a two-edged poniard, he pointed to the dial, and said: "It is nine o'clock, I'm very much obliged to you!" Glancing suspiciously at the glittering dagger, the hopeful pair "went on their way, and he saw them no more." A forcible illustration of the wisdom embodied in the familiar distich:

"He who would save his watch, this must be do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket, too."

Something akin to this was an incident which happened late one night to one of the stewards of the St. Nicholas Society. He had just parted with a fellow-member in Fourteenth Street, and was walking up the then lonely Ninth Avenue to his residence in Twenty-second Street, near the Eighth thoroughfare.

It was about twelve o'clock in the evening of the 6th of December, the day of the genial annual dinner of the Society. As he walked onward, he faintly heard the guarded echo of his own footfall in the step of a man behind him, who was literally "following in the footprints of his illustrious predecessor."

Now, he happened to have in the right-hand side-pocket of his overcoat a rare pipe, which had been recently sent him by an old New York friend, then spending some months in Paris. It was a very handsome and unique present, exactly in the outer shape of an old-fashioned silver-mounted pistol. The ramrod opened the case on the back, and disclosed the highly-ornamented meerschaum, the bowl thereof snugly reposing in the hollow butt of the tasteful weapon. He had taken it to the anniversary repast, where it had been much admired as a curiosity.

The mysterious footsteps still echoed his own; he looked nervously around him, and saw a man cautiously following him, about ten yards back. He went onward, until he came to the street-lamp on the corner of Twenty-second Street, when, by its light, he drew the formidable weapon from his pocket, "clicked" the side of it, as if cocking it, and, turning upon his follower, said, in a stern, determined voice: "I have heard you, you villain, tracking my steps; now, march, you cowardly highway robber, or I'll blow your brains out!"

The fellow faced about, and started at the top of his speed down Twenty-first Street, and put two blocks of real estate between him and the muzzle of a harmless pipe before you could say "Jack Robinson."

COFFEE.

CONSIDERING the fact that the necessities of our daily life, whether as clothing, food or medicine, are mostly provided by the vegetable kingdom, it is remarkable how little is generally known of the sources from whence we derive our most common articles of commerce. We propose in this article to say something about our coffee.

Although the specific name of the coffee plant, *Coffea Arabica*, appears to indicate the coffee-tree to belong originally to Arabia, it is with good reason supposed to be a native of the mountainous part of the southwest point of Abyssinia, having been introduced from thence into Arabia, where it is said to have been first used about 1450. For about 200 years after this date the whole of the coffee used was grown on Arabian soil, from whence the Dutch introduced the plant into Batavia, after which it was carried into other Eastern countries, as well as into Brazil, Central America and other parts of the Western Hemisphere. The introduction of coffee into Europe took place about the middle of the sixteenth century, fourteen years before the introduction of tea.

The fruits of the coffee-tree, when ripe, are gathered and taken to the pulping-house, and placed in a machine called a pulper, by which the fleshy covering is removed, the beans or seeds pass into a cistern, and the pulps are carried off in another direction and are collected and preserved for manure; the seeds themselves are left to steep for several hours, so as to soak off any remaining mucilage or pulpy matter; they are then washed and dried, the parchment and the thin inner skin being removed by winnowing, after which they are packed in bags and ready for shipping.

The berries or seeds of true Mocha coffee, which is, however, now scarcely to be obtained, are usually more round than those of other varieties; they nevertheless vary much in form as well as in size and color; and though the several commercial sorts are easily known to a practiced eye, they are difficult to detect by an ordinary observer. The value to the consumer does not in all cases depend so much upon the size or shape of the seed as upon its flavor and strength of its aroma, but these qualities cannot be discovered until after roasting; therefore, in purchasing unroasted coffee, an important point is to see that the seeds are not damaged by sea-water or moldiness. In roasted "whole" coffee, the case is different, for a greater or lesser aroma of more or less fragrance can be detected, the volatile oil, and the peculiar astringent acid to which the aroma and flavor are due, and which before were latent in the seed, being developed by the heat. In the process of roasting, the seeds lose about one-fifth in weight, but increase in bulk about one-half.

The peculiar principle of coffee is called caffeine, and is identical with that of tea; it acts as a stimulant upon the brain, preventing sleep or drowsiness, and causing greater mental as well as bodily activity; it is also said by some chemists to repair or prevent in a remarkable degree the too rapid waste of the tissues, so that life can be sustained on a smaller quantity of food than would be the case without the use of coffee.

A very simple test for the presence of chickory in ground coffee, is to drop a little in a tumbler of clean cold water. Do not stir it, but if chickory is present, the particles will immediately drop to the bottom of the tumbler, imparting at once to the water a deep amber color; the coffee particles will float for a much longer time, and the water will be but slightly colored. The most satisfactory way of purchasing coffee, however, is in the whole state, and to grind it as it is wanted, when all the freshness of the aroma is obtained in the infusion.

NEWS BREVITIES.

IOWA marble is of a superior quality.

THE guillotine has been introduced into Peru.

CARRARA, Italy, yawns with 168 marble quarries.

CHIP hats of American make are worth five cents in Paris.

TAUNTON, Mass., is to have a \$25,000 soldiers' monument.

KEY WEST sends pineapples by the ship-load to Baltimore.

THE building of wooden houses is interdicted at Bremen.

MORE poets flourish successfully in Austria than in England.

EFFORTS are in progress to make Paris a seaport for steamers.

PORTUGAL, in a hundred years, has not quarreled with any power.

CORPORAL punishment is abolished in the Prussian State Prison.

FIVE nations are working this year to raise flags on the North Pole.

THE Austrian Polar Expedition is already on its way from Bremen.

ARMY officers in Montana are about introducing grayhound racing.

A DISCOVERY of emeralds has been made on the Guinea coast of Africa.

GUATEMALA and San Salvador are about opening war on Honduras.

THE London and Atalanta crews have been challenged by a Paris boat club.

ALEXIS reached Rio de Janeiro on the 29th of April, with Admiral Posselt's fleet.

THE latest foreign labor news is to the effect that 12,000 German miners have struck.

TIGER TAIL, a son of the famous Seminole Chief of the same name, peddles pumpkins at Key West.

Is it not about time that Delaware and Virginia should abolish flogging as a punishment for crime?

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE has received a portrait of Sampson Occum, the first ordained Indian preacher.

THE Veteran Masonic Association of Connecticut held its second annual reunion at New Haven, June 17th.

THE stillborn daughter of Mrs. Bates, the Nova Scotia giantess, was 28 inches long, and weighed 18 pounds.

It was the late Mr. Bennett's wish that the New York *Herald* should be kept for ever in the Bennett family.

AN EXPEDITION is being fitted out for the survey of the Pacific Ocean, under charge of Commander Skerritt.

THE Senate of New York assembled in special session on the 1st, for the trial of Judges Prindle and McCunn.

A NATURAL spring that will intoxicate, situated near Kern River, Cal., is delighting the Indians of that vicinity.

THE first load of dressed granite for the new Treasury building in Washington has been shipped from Richmond, Va.

OBSERVER SCHAEFFER, of the Signal Service, is to make a balloon ascension at Boston, on the Fourth, for scientific purposes.

NEW YORK State has paid \$13,700, the cost of the naval group in bronze, forming a part of the National Lincoln monument.

THE federal council of Internationals has seceded from the London branch, and the various sections in the country adhere to the New York authority.

RCMOR mentions the names of Jay Gould and General McClellan for the Presidency of the Erie Railroad, and alludes to a possible dummy in the pay of the former.

It is stated that three vessels sailed from different ports of the United States for Cuba last week, carrying altogether 600 men and large quantities of stores and munitions of war.

THERE are at the present time 1,032 lodges of Knights of Pythias in this country. Of this number, 360 are in Pennsylvania, 78 in New York, 72 in New Jersey, and 58 in Massachusetts.

THE report that General Sickles was about to return to New York increases the excitement in Erie circles, which promises a remarkable culmination in July, when new directors are to be chosen.

PRESIDENT GRANT, having been released from the payment of tax on his salary, Ex-President Johnson has asked and had granted a rebate of \$4,000 paid to the revenue officers while at Washington.

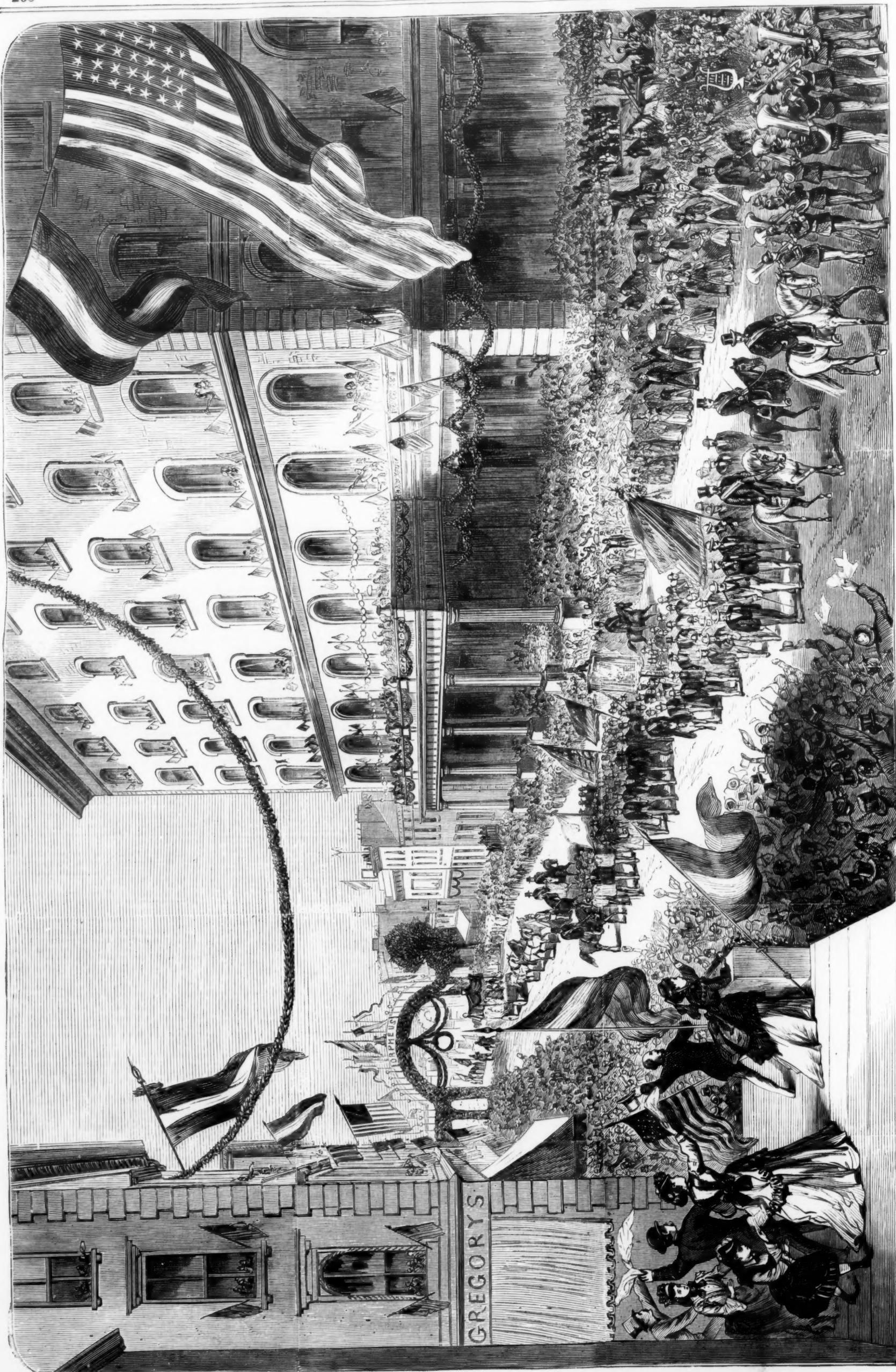
CHRISTIAN HANSEN, a Danish Mormon, received fifty lashes on his bare back and a sentence of imprisonment for six months, for urging some fishermen of Rostock, Mecklenburg, to accompany him to heaven.

THE friends of the Administration denounce Charles Sumner for his recent speech. As we have yet to see the first denial of any statement, it is likely that there must be a terrific fire where there is such general smoking.

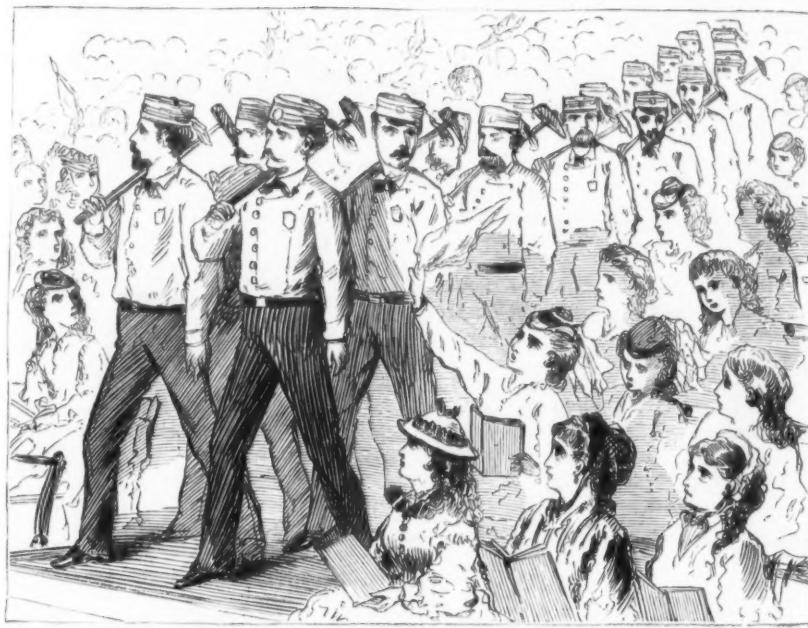
BARBARA UBRYK, the story of whose long imprisonment as a nun attracted so much attention a few years ago, has now recovered from her severe and protracted sufferings, and is living quietly and happily at Cracow.

THE yachts intending to accept the invitation of the Grand Duke Alexis to visit St. Petersburg, are the *Dauntless*, *Sappho*, *Columba*, and *Wanderer*. They will rendezvous at Cowes, whence they will start together for the Baltic.

THE pews of a Methodist church on the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Ohio stand in the former State and the pulpit in the latter. They are bothered to conduct marriage services legally and gracefully at the same time, in that sanctuary.



MISSOURI—THE ST. LOUIS SAENGERFEST.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH SOUTH FOURTH STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. KEFLER.—SEE PAGE 267.



FIREMEN MARCHING TO THEIR PLACES FOR THE ANVIL CHORUS.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.

THE peace fever has spread wonderfully about Boston. Everybody seems on the hop-skip-and-jump. Strangers shake hands with strangers, and vow eternal friendship.

The residents of neighboring towns, who are contented that they live so near the focus of all that is delightful, enter the city with songs on their lips. Wagons roll slowly and noisily in, filled with excited youths, who, if not numbered with the Bouquet of Artists, cannot be prevented from forming a rosier nosegay, and trilling their joyousness with the heartiest expression.

The Common is filled likewise by groups, who are also bound to have their song *any way*. Tuning-forks, opera-scores, librettos, violins, and occasionally small wind instruments, make up the properties. In spite of the chiming of bells, roaring of artillery, clanging of anvils, and general quaking of Boston-bound nature, these amateurs struggle gallantly for the pitch and key, and then join in the hardest race of musical notes ever experienced. No passage is too difficult, no voice too severe, no artist more determined. Quantity, not quality, is the requisite.

Not being able to get within the Coliseum, they refuse to hear more of its attractions than possible. Each one does the best. The perspiration starts, the veins fill, the face grows blue, but they stop only to catch breath, and sigh for "a thousand tongues" more,

until the lips parch, hands quiver, eyelids fall, and a general collapse of nerves concludes the effort.

From the time the Jubilee opened, the wrestling with the divine muse in this vicinity has been stubborn, unconquerable.

A pleasing feature of the festival is the harmony that prevails among the foreign bands. The French, German, English and American musicians mingle freely together, listless of wars and rumors of wars.

It leaked out somehow that the performers

would not be allowed to indulge in intoxicating drinks during the festival, but to this the English and German bands strongly objected. Cool lager-bier offered a happy compromise, and the representatives of four great nations are frequently seen knocking glasses, and drinking to universal peace together.

There are hundreds of attractions at the Coliseum, each distinctive in character. But who can appreciate anything else when the vivacious Strauss makes his appearance? Small in stature, with hair perfectly black, eyes flashing brilliantly, now upon audience, then upon orchestra, and his eternal restlessness, he has made himself the decided favorite of the Jubilee.

Nothing can equal the energy with which he conducts the orchestra. Discarding the *bâton*, he seizes his violin, plays a few bars facing the audience, then turns upon the performers, beats his arms about, stamps his feet, dashes from side to side of his stand—all the time smiling contentedly, until the performers, chorus and entire audience become affected with his enthusiasm.

During the Jubilee of Nations, the bands of each marched through the building to their places, giving the spectators an opportunity of admiring their fine appearance, and as Boston music is nothing without the "Anvil Chorus," her battalion of picked firemen pursued the same course, and received a fair share of applause.

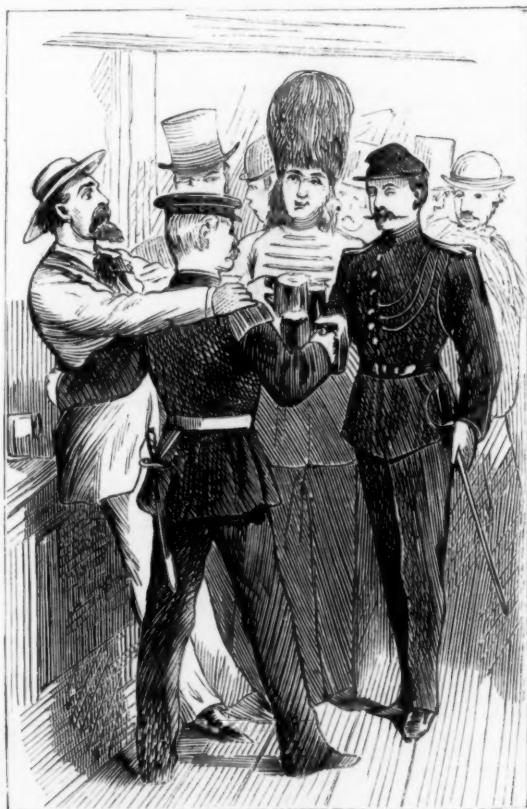
The public should not forget, while reveling in the excitement of the concerts,



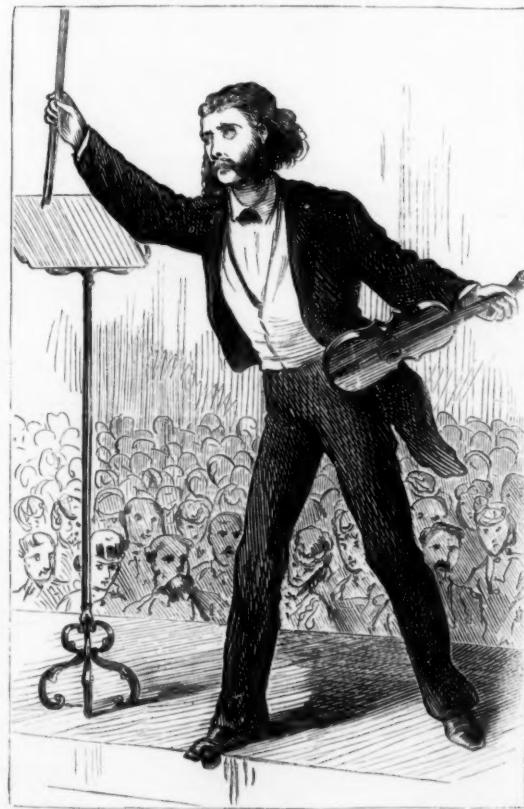
HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.



RURAL SINGERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE JUBILEE.



THE JUBILEE OF PEACE AND LAGER.



THE GREAT MAESTRO, STRAUSS, CONDUCTING HIS FAVORITE WALTZ.



THE JUBILEE FEVER ON BOSTON COMMON.

THE GREAT PEACE JUBILEE AT BOSTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER

that there are quite an army of Press representatives posted in the building, who daily note the current facts and gossip. To Messrs. Niles and Payson, of the Committee on the Press, these gentlemen are greatly indebted for courteous treatment, and as without the correspondents the public would know little of the fun, the entire country should thank the two gentlemen for conducting the facilities of information.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FIERY steed—Horse-radish.
QUEEN of spades—A gardener's wife.
BAYONETS are driven, but bullets are lead.
ACROBATS of every household—Pitcher and tumbler.

ABOUT the finest thing we have ever found, either in town or out of town, is—dust.

WHY does a druggist's lost watch-key resemble himself?—Because it's a key missed (a chemist).

WHAT is that which is ever before us, can never be seen, and yet all are looking forward to?—To-morrow.

A VENISON-AND-TURTLE-FED alderman, on being importuned for alms by a starving woman, exclaimed, "Go away, my good woman; you don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten dollars to have your appetite."

ONE day a son of the Emerald Isle, traveling on the highway, after having just cut a shillelagh from a young plantation, was met by the owner, who demanded of Pat, in an angry tone, where he had cut that stick. Pat, turning to him, and pointing to the end of the stick, coolly replied, "Just right through there, sur."

AT a marriage lately, in New York, the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year-old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot, and exclaimed, in a tone of authority, "Auntie, don't do it, it's a bad thing."

CAPI AL BEGGER.—One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" She answered diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir; but he is ill." "What has him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Then, why don't he cut it off?" "Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he hasn't got any money to buy a knife."

THEY are growing their own poets out in Colorado, or seem at least to have entered upon this field of cultivation. As yet the product seems imperfect imagination largely developed, with some deficiency in the sphere of accuracy, or perhaps we should say sobriety of statement. Here is a specimen from a local paper. The tendency to exaggerate, the fertility of those great and often desert-like plains of the hotter parts of the West is well hit off here:

"Is it where the cabbage grows so fast,
That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
Is it where through the rich, deep mellow soil
The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
Is it where each irrigating sluice
Is fed by water-melon juice?
Is it where everything grows to such monstrous size,
That the biggest stories appear like lies?
Tell me, in short, I would like to know,
Is this wondrous land called Colorado?
You're right, old boy, it is!"

WE will not deceive you longer. This is the real American difficulty, and the last telegram from the *Musical World* office has settled it, as follows:

"Madame Arabella Goddard has accepted an engagement to play at several concerts, in the great 'Boston Peace Jubilee,' under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, and will leave London on Saturday, the 1st of June."

"That goes against the MacNabs," observed the swimming Highlander, MacNab, when his enemy, a Macintosh, cut off his own hand in the water, and pitched it on shore—the bargain having been that the land was to belong to the first who "laid hand" on it. For the Macnabs, read the English. A grim story, yet appropriate in the case of one whose hand has achieved a thousand triumphs. We are to lose her, unless war breaks out before the 1st, and *bella* keep Arabella at home. This we dare not hope for, and so we wish her *bon voyage*, a series of triumphs, and a happy return. "Arabella" has ever been Mr. Punch's ward, since he wrote of

"The young and gifted Miss Goddard
Whom with admiration all the critical squad heard;"
and he caps those exquisite lines with two as lovely:
"None holds high-class music in more real honor
than
The hospitable, indirect-claiming, but otherwise
unexceptionable Jonathan." —FROM *Punch*.

TRIAL of Lawn Mowers at Cleveland, Ohio. The Excelsior heads the list. Read the Committee's Report: "The undersigned having been appointed by the Park Commissioners of the City of Cleveland to witness the trial this day at Clinton Park, in this city, of the following named Lawn Mowers, viz.: Hill's Archimedean Improved, the Excelsior, Swift's Improved Pioneer, the Philadelphia, the Lancashire, and also the Excelsior horse-power machine, and to report in writing our opinions of their several merits, respectfully state that it appears to us that the Excelsior is superior to the others in mechanism and durability, and in ease and control in guiding; that the Philadelphia is an excellent machine to use in all cases where a roller is not desired; that Hill's Archimedean Improved, the Excelsior, and the Philadelphia, seem to us to cut the grass equally well. The Excelsior horse-power machine we thought a good one; its work was well done. WILLIAM COLLINS, JOHN HUNTINGTON, F. R. ELLIOT. Cleveland, May 17, 1872."

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.:

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,
ROBERT HARRIS,
Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

In glancing over the price-list of the well-known wine and liquor firm of H. B. KIRK & Co., we notice that they are offering Hiedsleck and Mumm champagnes at \$22.75 and \$22.50 per basket, currency, respectively, and Bass's ale and Guinness's Dublin Stout at \$2.00 per dozen. These prices (at the

present rate of gold) are remarkably low; but we are not surprised at that, for it has always been the boast of these veteran merchants that no house in the United States could undersell them. Twenty years of success has been the merited reward of the strict integrity, genuine courtesy, and admirable judgment with which their business has been conducted, and we commend their extensive and well-matured stock to the attention of close buyers, who are on the lookout for choice goods on advantageous terms.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.—It is susceptible of easy proof that the Sewing-Machine has been a greater blessing to the masses of American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, the patient, overworked women of the land, who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of everyday life. Every father and husband fails in his duty if he neglects to endow his home with such a triumph of science as the Wilson Under Feed Sewing-Machine. It is the cheapest and best sewing-machine ever offered. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, New York; also for sale in all other cities in the United States.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. J. BREWER, Stamford, Conn., bought her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine in 1863; earning the first two years her rent and household expenses for self and child, and \$710 in the savings bank; has six of the original dozen needles. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?—A lady who for the last five years has been a leader of fashion in New York, and who may be seen twice a week in her elegant calèche driving a pair of superb ponies in Central Park, has recently stated, in the select circle to which she belongs, that the only article in existence which imparts beauty and lustre to the complexion without ultimately impairing the texture of the skin and causing it to collapse and wrinkle, is HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

A RIPPING ANNOUNCEMENT.—An old-style lock-stitch sewing-machine company advertises an attachment called a ripper, but the public know by experience that ripping is a bad way of unfastening a seam. The twisted-loop, or Wilcox and Gibbs seam, is the only one that can be unlocked without ripping, and locked again if necessary.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the élite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

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100 cartons Fancy Plaids, 85c.; worth \$1.25.

50 cartons SCOTCH PLAIDS, 95c., \$1, all silk.

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THE SUN was the first to expose the Tammany Frauds. Its exposures created the rebellion of the Young Democracy, the precursor to the downfall of the notorious Tammany Ring.

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THE SUN was the first to expose Grant's nepotism and gift-taking, which draped the Presidential dignity with obliquity and shame.

THE SUN was the first to expose the operations of Bancroft Davis, the Bribe taker, and the shameful influence of Spanish gold in making the American nation an accessory to the horrible butcheries of the Cuban patriots.

THE SUN was the first to expose the corruption pervading the Navy, Post Office and Indian Departments. Under its exposures the chief of the Indian Ring was compelled to resign his office.

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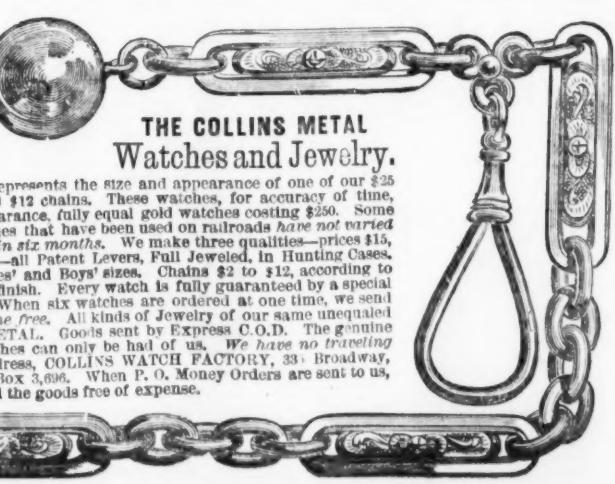
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